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Notes of the Week

THE line which we adopted in our articles of May 10 and June 14 as to the abnormality and therefore insanity of female outrage-mongers has at last received the sanction of distinguished medical men. We notice that at the Medical Congress Mr. Nelson Hardy, the eminent surgeon, deduced from the ascertained outrages committed by suffragettes the obvious inference that they are insane. It is true that the President, Dr. Norman Moore, interrupted part of the chain of evidence leading to Mr. Hardy's conclusion, but this line was adopted expressly on a point of order, and the President added the significant words, "I dare say many of us agree with you." No objection was urged against the opinions with which Mr. Hardy concluded his address, opinions which absolutely ratify the view which we expressed months ago in our editorials. Mr. Hardy said:—

If, as alienist authorities tell us in their works, conduct is the true test of mental condition, what conclusion save one can we form as to the mental condition of these women, many of them well edu-

cated and carefully brought up, who commit crimes worthy of savages, who show by their actions their disregard of all laws, human and divine, that stand in their way, and who even profess their intention to treat as null and void the Almighty's canon against self-slaughter?

I conclude, therefore, by asking, "Ought we not in this section to recognise that in militant suffragism, which has been afflicting us here in England for the last few years, we have passing before our eyes one of those epidemics of mental disorder with which the history of medicine has made us familiar as occurring in former times?"

We are glad that the reproach which we felt it our duty in June last to utter against the medical profession has been repudiated by some of its most eminent members, although we are afraid that the ordinary practitioner, in fear of losing a certain proportion of patients, still shrinks from supporting magistrates in consigning these dangerous pests to the only places where persons bereft of reason can be adequately dealt with. Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" relates this anecdote of the mad Anabaptists—no more mad than the mad suffragettes—who on a cold winter's night, supposing that they were inspired by the Holy Ghost, threw off their clothes and "rushed naked and raving through the streets, shrieking 'Woe, woe, the wrath of God!' When arrested, they obstinately refused to put on their clothing. 'We are,' they observed 'the naked truth.' In a day or two these furious lunatics, who certainly deserved a madhouse rather than the scaffold, were all executed." So Motley, writing of the pests of 1535: the pests of 1913, who as certainly deserve to be incarcerated in a madhouse, are wandering about at liberty, licensed lunatics.

Teachers of modern languages in this country are feeling rather acutely a grievance to which they are subjected, and are voicing their complaint in the journals devoted to the cause of education. On the Continent—at least, in France and Germany—the law and the custom of the country ordain that a Professor of Modern Languages in a University or a Government school must be a native of his own country; in England alone of all countries in Europe it is held as a disqualification to be native-born in order to teach a foreign language. It is obvious that this is a very great deterrent to young scholars of our own land, who, after undergoing a preliminary training in the Universities, have, at much expense and trouble, spent years on the Continent to obtain a competent knowledge of such languages and literature as they might wish to teach. There are many scholars of this type in England at present, and unfortunately, according to our present system, the most that they can look forward to is an assistantship in some school or University. It cannot be maintained that our system is successful, for we still possess on the Continent the reputation of being the worst linguists in Europe; and we do not seem to have established any school or University in which the teaching of the language and literature of foreign countries has been a marked feature.

A Hymn to Demeter

THOU sittest there alone,
Thine eyes at gaze;
Musing in quiet wise
On that far horizon
Which hides from us the ways
Of Paradise.

Are Thy deep eyes a-stare
With wonderment,
That one should know this Earth,
Which Thou hast made so fair,
And yet of merriment
Should find such dearth?

Yet, Mother, true it is,
Most mournfully.
For all the winding ways
Yield but a glimpse, I wis,
Of the full mystery
Beyond the haze.

Aye, weary and without ease
My eager heart;
So, lest my footsteps fail,
Thou Mother of all Peace,
Shake loose a little part
Of Thy blue veil.

H. LAURENCE JEAYES.

The Standard of Humour

THE joke is undoubtedly the most elusive item of human speech; its success depends so much upon the listener that many a time the wise man leaves a witticism unsaid lest it be received with an uncomprehending stare; or with that painful, dutiful laugh which shows so plainly that the point has been missed; or, what is worse, received seriously and answered as though it were not a light remark at all. For the men to whom life is full of fun, for whom tiny humorous situations develop at every turn, have sometimes a way of speaking rather solemnly when they are beset by the longing for laughter; and if the listener replies, hopelessly uncomprehending, as though a weighty statement had been made, one of life's smaller tragedies is born; there is a silence, and a little sigh, and a resolve to speak less freely in the future when in the company of a Ponderous Person.

These Ponderous Persons are a great trial whether we meet them face to face or only through the medium of the printed page. They are so very solid, so desperately convinced that they are right and that everybody who differs from them is misguided, that we cannot often laugh at them—amusing though they are; we are more inclined, as a rule, to bump their heads together in the hope of unsettling some of their too settled ideas. In their limited, wooden way, they are quite happy, of course. Life to them is no tremendous adventure, full of surprises, plunging day after day through the un-

known—a thing to keep us ever young and ever watchful and ever hopeful; this would sadly disconcert the Ponderous Persons. It is rather, for them, a progress through a realm where things are ordered for their comfort and pleasure and benefit, and it takes something in the nature of a mental explosion to alter their position.

We encountered an excellent imitation of one of these strange people in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* early in the present year. He had been reading "Alice in Wonderland," and, unable to understand that a wise man can play the fool on occasion with the utmost gusto, discovered that Professor Dodgson (he simply won't say "Lewis Carroll") had written a philosophic treatise in disguise. "I hope," he writes, "to expound Professor Dodgson's system as a unified and philosophic whole. In the meantime, I must limit myself to a few of those esoteric cogitations that are obviously relevant to the stage of educational evolution represented by the twentieth century." The esoteric cogitations are interesting. Discussing the song "Will you walk a little faster, said a whiting to a snail," we are told that "we should not neglect the reference to the doctrine of immortality, the comforting assurance of a life hereafter, not formally obtruded, but gently and graciously intimated in that always attractive phrase, 'the other shore.'" "Despite the fact that a Kantian discussion of time is placed on the lips of the Mad Hatter; despite the fact that the same problem, together with the non-existence of space and the unsubstantiality of matter, is suggested by the cake that must be served first and cut afterwards, I am nevertheless convinced that the household of the Duchess must represent the penetralia containing the ultimate arcana."

But we begin to be suspicious that the whole article is one elaborate joke, and that if we take the writer seriously we shall be hoisted with our own petard, and shall be numbered with the very company against which we have been breaking lances. The man who could take "Alice in Wonderland" as a philosophical handbook should forthwith write an essay on "The Comedies of Euclid," or compile an anthology of the drolleries in the differential calculus.

There is another aspect of this question of humour. Against the conceit of the people who take jokes seriously must be set the conceit of the people who are always trying to make jokes and puns. The ideal witticism is not constructed—it springs to the lips, born in the delight of impetuous assertions and laughing refutations; it comes in those perfect hours when two or three congenial companions interchange a rapid fire of remark, of criticism, of comment—when the spirit is eager and leaping, and the eyes are sparkling. This pleasure—one of the keenest—the would-be humorist never knows; he fritters his words away, enters the province of the bore, and becomes almost as dreadful to meet as his opposite. Indeed, he is often more trying, for he incessantly pours forth an irritating stream of watery humour himself, in addition to being strangely oblivious to the humour, good or bad, of others.

W. L. R.

The Significance of Gordon Craig in the Modern Theatre

BY HALDANE MACFALL

AT every hand is talk of the new theatre, the new drama. That the Theatre as the Theatre, an art as a whole, is to-day one of the most deeply stirred in vitality of all the arts, it would be fantastic to question. And the man who has stirred it and breathed vitality into it is a Briton, Gordon Craig. A child of the theatre, the son of England's great actress Ellen Terry, coming of a house world-famous in the story of the theatre, brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, Gordon Craig came to the business of his destiny astoundingly equipped and circumstanced to become a leader; and his fairy godmother, as though not content to dower him with such handsome conditions, flung into the child's cradle a skill of art as painter and draughtsman that, had he been distinguished in no other field, would have set him in a place of honour amongst the finest artistic achievement of his age, and has set him amongst the supreme woodcut artists of all time. In him were centred gifts which seemed to destine him to high attainment in the theatre, the most complex, the most compelling, of all the arts, since it contains the activity of each and every separate art. For its fulfilment are necessary the arts of the dramatist, of the colourist, of the musician, of sight and hearing and speaking—of every function that rouses the imagination and intelligence through the senses. And to this one man was granted mastery of words and colour and line and form, as well as the training of an actor and the inner knowledge of the craft of the whole theatre as far as it existed; yet when one states this simple truth it reads like an exaggeration, even spoken in the baldest terms.

I have borne witness to this for years, in season and out of season, in fair weather and in foul, and the censorious turn to me and say: But what Gordon Craig writes about the art of the theatre is often flagrantly opposed to what you, Haldane Macfall, have fought for in "The Splendid Wayfaring" since you first began to write. That is true enough—but what an artist writes about his own art has rarely been worth the paper upon which it is written. An artist is not a logician, he is the magician of the things felt, not of the reason. Joshua Reynolds and Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo and Whistler and the rest have talked unmitigated trash about art—but they made no such blunders when they set themselves to the business of creating art. Gordon Craig may write cant about art being beauty, with which art has no special concern whatsoever; he may contradict himself at every page of *The Mask*; but the moment he sets himself to the creation of the art of the theatre he sheds all blunders from him and stands out one of the masters of

the whole realm of the theatre. And this is good enough for me. I ask nothing more of any artist than that he shall be a great master; and Craig is a great master.

We may criticise or scoff or jest or praise or deny, but the fact remains that, wherever the theatre holds sway, the name of Gordon Craig is known, and the movements that he initiated are associated with that name. It is impossible to shrug him away. We need travel no great distance of proof to establish it. Some twenty years ago I saw Craig play with curtains for scenery—even as a youngster he was already a remarkable master of the theatre. The theatre—apart from the drama—was then in a commonplace state, the only vital activity being amongst the newer dramatists; but the playwrights knew only their own job, and the theatre as apart from the drama had not answered to that growing vitality. The sole new endeavour of the theatre was mimicry of nature in details. This young fellow early realised that art had nothing to do with mimicry of nature—whatever philosophic cant he may have spoken about art being beauty, his instinct made no such mistake, and, whether in deliberate terms or not, he saw that art was the make-believe whereby man reached the imagination of his fellows through the senses. He saw that impressions such as Beauty or Terror, or Hate or Horror, or Comic or Tragic moods could only be roused in the theatre with compelling force by so mastering the illusion of the theatre that form and line and colour and mass and sound all blended into one whole in harmony with the impressions desired. At once he stepped through the gate of the kingdom of art. He theorised, 'tis true—he could not shake off tradition in a night—he theorises still, but he tells us, time and time again, craftsmanship in the arts is experiment, and if his experiments fail to create the art he desires, he is ready to reject and throw his theories from him and try another, so long as he advances towards the fulfilment of what he desires. But criticism keeps for ever flinging his rejected theories in his path. In his theories he has blundered again and again; in his art he has blundered not at all. Yet even his disciples pick up his rejected endeavour long after he has rejected it, and essay to reach fulfilment by such means as Craig himself, their master and originator, finds them unfitted to do except in a measure! The moment we grasp this fact, we realise how all-important it is for the success of Craig's work that he should train a theatre from its very foundations to utter his large art.

I have said that we need travel no great distance in proof that Craig is a great master of the new or the coming theatre. Twenty years ago, when he commenced his activities the theatre was hide-bound; since Craig came his activities in Berlin have completely changed the whole romantic movement in Germany, and Reinhardt and others, employing his methods so far as then developed, exploited them with consummate commercial capacity and revolutionised the theatre in Northern Europe. In Italy and Russia Craig set aflame the new movement and inspired it, and the

Russian theatre and the Russian ballet brought forth artists, scenic and the rest, whose work is wholly born out of Craig's early revelation. Martin Harvey's most interesting production of "The Taming of the Shrew" in decorative scenery was born out of Craig. Granville Barker, when he turned from his brilliant dramatic work to his charming productions, was led to his development through the intention and art of Craig's earlier endeavour. There is not a single modern European activity in the decorative employment of scenery to arouse the imagination through the general impression of colour and form and line, as against the mere mimicry of details of nature, of which some phase of Craig's art has not been the originating impulse. In other words, Craig has inspired all that is most remarkable in the modern theatre. Craig is a European influence, not a parochial one. Yet it was due to a single person, to the artistic enthusiasm of a man himself an artist, Lord Howard de Walden, that Craig has at last been enabled to make the supreme experiment for which he has craved and battled and striven—and we may take it that by and through it alone can he fulfil himself, since the artist can alone judge how he shall create.

It is time that we were done with criticising Gordon Craig; we but add a burden to the artist by demanding his reasons and his proofs. As a rule he has scant powers of proving by reason; it is for the artist to create, and it is time this man were wholly free to create if the world is to benefit by him. Whether Florence were the ideal place wherein to set up his school for the creation of the modern theatre or not is not our affair. The artist must be free to create his art in his own way—no man can create it for him. We may agree or not agree with his theories; but in the creation of his arts, of which he is master, he makes no mistakes. All he does is marked with the inspiration of genius. It is not for us to baulk and gall him. The official magazine of his movement, *The Mask*, should be read by every true lover of the theatre. Craig does not ask for large subscriptions from a few pedants; he asks a million people to support his endeavour to inspire a living theatre by subscribing a shilling. From his offices may be had a charmingly produced booklet which gives the general intention of his experiments so far as an artist can explain what he can better create. He does not aim at a brick and mortar national theatre with official overlords and official habits; he aims at diffusing throughout the theatre and all theatres a living art. And we must leave it to his judgment as to how he shall achieve it. Craig has never made the parochial mistake of thinking that because you set up a National Theatre in Trafalgar Square or Piccadilly Circus you are going to create an abiding art or a great drama. He seeks to create a living thing that shall inspire art in every town throughout the land. It is not a thing to be done by a set of rules and a bevy of officials. It is deeper, more profound, more vital than that. It is better to give him the free hand to do it in our generation than to set up statues to him in the next with vain regrets as to what he might have done.

REVIEWS

Poetry and Prettiness

- To-morrow's Road.* By G. M. HORT. (Old Bourne Press. 6d. net.)
Sonnets and Quatrains. By ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON. (H. W. Fisher, Philadelphia, U.S.A.)
On Passive Service. By MARGARET LOVELL ANDREWS. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Book of Nature, 1910-1912. By JOHN G. FLETCHER. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
Glimpses of the Unseen. By W. ROBERT HALL. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

WE do not remember having seen any discussion on the varying prices charged for books of verse, considered strictly in relation to the quality of their contents. In one sense, of course, poetry is above payment, as Mr. Le Gallienne prettily proved in one of his sweet nothings that brought tears to our eyes in the gloaming years ago; but it is equally true that some poetry comes into the market-place at ridiculous figures. Sixpence is a perfectly absurd price for Mr. Hort's little volume—six guineas would seem to fit it better if we take quality as a test; but, then, no one would purchase it, while at the modest sixpence it may find a few appreciative owners. We hope it will find many. It has been a pleasure to see some of these poems in *THE ACADEMY*—not many, for Mr. Hort is no prolific singer, moved by every mood to facile rhyming; his stanzas are packed with thought and meaning. He shows trouble met defiantly, sorrow and disappointment manfully wrestled with, though hardly overthrown; and he has the finest belief in the world—the grim trust in a God who helps a man through the deep waters of despair:—

If I demand a sheltered space
 Set for me in the battle-place,
 Where I at times could turn my face,
 A screened and welcome guest,
 Decree my soul should henceforth cease
 From its wild hankering after peace,
 And rest in that which gives release
 From the desire of rest.

If I for final goal should ask,
 Some meaning for the long day's task,
 Some ripened field that yet may bask
 Secure from hurricane,
 Point to Thy locust-eaten sheaves,
 The burnt-out stars, the still-born leaves,
 And by the toil no hope retrieves
 Nerve me to toil again!

Our readers have seen these verses; but there are other poems just as worthy. We will quote the opening of the first in the book:—

Beyond the inn of Even-Chime
 Where men unpack the day-long load,
 A shadowy track begins to climb
 And opens on To-morrow's Road.

The road that must be travelled still
To meet to-morrow's sun aright—
'Tis up the hill, and up the hill
And round the hill . . . and out of sight.

Nine nights in ten the journey's blest,
For dream tells dream the shortest way,
And while we climb we think we rest,
And while we move we seem to stay. . .

The trivial faults—such as a rather indiscriminate use of the exclamation point here and there—become negligible when one is confronted with stern, ringing verse such as nearly all the items in this book. We very strongly recommend every one of our readers who values and treasures true and essential poetry to purchase "To-Morrow's Road." Not once in twelve months does such sincere and finely wrought poetry come from the press; from both the critical and the emotional points of view, Mr. Hort's work passes all tests easily.

There is an epigrammatic touch in many of Mrs. de Coursey Patterson's polished verses that is very pleasing. Between her sonnets the quatrains are placed like little halting-places—we would not say resting-places, for the way is not at all wearying; and the effect is rather novel. Here are two, "Ephemera" and "Absolution":—

O tiny creatures with the shining wings,
Rejoice your life endures but for an hour!
For thus with you are named the loveliest things—
The sunset sky, the snowflakes, and the flower.

A turbid soul and stranger to no crime
He paused beside a pool all foul with slime:
"My prototype," he grimly said—when lo,
The moon's white glory on the pond below!

Of the sonnets, two of which have appeared in these columns, we can say that they occasionally reach a high level, and are always technically correct, though the thrill is often absent. We cannot, as a rule, forgive a poet who writes a "pretty" sonnet; but we are bound to make an exception in Mrs. Patterson's case for the following, which she calls "The Little Love-Song":—

I'm just a little Love-Song, that is all;
And yet when someone sings me worthily
The tears well up in alien eyes and fall
While hearts beat fast—and all because of me.
I am a little ghost, and haunt the brain
Of youth with hope, of age with memories:
The world forgotten is while my refrain
Transports them to Elysian fields, and seas
Forever lighted by a lover's moon;
Where all the air breathes rose and eglantine,
And music offers me her sweetest boon
To lend enchantment to these words of mine.
I'm just a little Love-Song, simple, sweet,
And lo! the proudest hearts are at my feet.

This is far more a lyric than a sonnet, and it is quite charmingly musical.

The author of "On Passive Service," by contrast,

does not trouble much whether her verses are musical or not; in fact, frequently by awkward breaks she leaves them in a distinctly jerky condition. At times we are tempted to imagine that this wild, free construction derives from the influence of Browning; take this opening stanza of "In the Sunlight" as an example:—

Oh! never weigh them out. It were as wise
Upon the scales of common-sense to weigh
Whether in a beloved face blue eyes
Or brown were lovelier, as to delay
Your "Dear!" until I sway
Scale of your love aloft with "Dearest!"
Coin love in words: believe love never tries
Which on the counterslab of life ring clearest.

The shabby simile of "scales" and "counter-slab" would have pleased Robert Browning, without a doubt. In spite of this dangerous method, employed in a few of the poems, Miss Andrews has written many things that contain matter for deep thought and lively appreciation. "Daughterly," a fine monologue to an uncomprehending father; "The Conscript"; a beautiful little "Warwickshire Carol"; "By the Firelight"—these, and several others, need no defence for their inclusion in the higher ranks of poesy; and there is a purely delightful lyric, "To Any Bird," of which we must quote the last verse:—

I offer thanks because
You, facing daylight first,
Are taught to make no pause,
But sing at once: "The worst
Is over for all watchers. Night is past
Light's on the wing at last."

The finest thing in Mr. Robert Hall's Book is this sonnet, entitled "From the Persian":—

Once Gabriel, from his seat in Paradise,
Heard God's sweet answer to a human prayer,
And said within himself, "Ah, surely there
The Father speaks to one whose sacrifice
Is pure, a holy Saint whose heart is ice
To every lust, whose life is true and fair!"
So on the earth he sought him everywhere,
But all in vain. Returning, "Lord!" he cries,
"Where is Thy well-beloved?" God answered, "See,
The temple in yon city—there he prays!"
He found a man before an idol bowed.
"A heathen, Lord?" he questioned in amaze.
God answered him, "I look below the cloud
And see a heart that blindly worships Me!"

Here is a thought which we all feel to be true, adequately, if not passionately expressed, and we are sorry that there is not more backbone of idea in the other verses of this booklet. Aspiration, vague and prettily cast into sonnet or lyric, is unsatisfying:—

Dreams, dreams!
Wake, O soul of mine, awake!
See, the dawn-star's beam
Melts in gold: the day doth break!
Thou and God are not a dream.

Pretty, excellent in sentiment, but not poetry; and "Thou and God are not a dream" is a poor line indeed.

Throughout his whole book of more than a hundred pages, Mr. John C. Fletcher seems to be on the point of saying something worth hearing—of writing a poem that shall be really good. He opens with moderate verses on the twelve months; some of them cannot be called rhyming, though apparently meant to rhyme:—

June and July are already with us!
See, too, the swallow that, amorous,
Rises and scuds continually
Across the sky like a sail on the sea.
The gorgeous pageant of tragedy
Opens, in regal panoply!

Rhyme, in fact, is rather troublesome in these stanzas: "roisterer" and "stir," "sides" and "broad-sides," are bad rhymes, while "Offer with fiery passion dumb, Their drowsy cups of opium" makes the reader desire irresistibly to chant "O-pi-um," which is not conducive to solemnity. But when, in a "poem" entitled "To a Skylark," we find this final sorrow, we are moved to open rebellion:—

Let thy wings and thy feet and thy voice together greet
The grassy plain's great bound, the skies' blue profound,
That at its wooded edge weaves a vast circle round,
Like a rocket in its flight, a balloon, or a kite,
In the rhythm of thy voice now rejoice.

This is tragedy indeed, blithe spirit! Yet, in the face of such really deplorable work Mr. Fletcher has a few poems that are excellent in conception and good in form. Here, for example, is a strong, granitic thing, "Midsummer," that grips the reader:—

The waves shake the long wet beach,
Crashing in thunderous monotone:
The dazzling sails far out of reach
Are tossed about and blown.

The sun, like a million hammer-falls,
Bangs on the anvil of my brain;
Daggers of pain at the eyeballs
Stab, again and again:

And all is brutal joy, despite
The poison and sweat on which I sup
When the black sword of the night
Shears off the sun, and the blood spouts up.

It is rough and ringing, and worth fifty of the ordinary addresses to the skylarks and golden leaves and spring flowers which are collected and issued in book form. It is the hope of finding a page worth reading that induces the critic to persevere through "minor" verse, for hour after hour; and the curious thing about it—the *very* curious thing—is, that often, amid a weary, thirsty desert of stuff that no one could possibly term poetry, he discovers an oasis, a real, inspired poem, whereon his tired eyes and brain may rest awhile.

The Staging of Shakespeare

Shakespeare in the Theatre. By WILLIAM POEL.
(Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.)

WITH the single reservation that we could wish that Mr. Poel had rewritten these essays and articles of his, obviating their repetitions, widening their scope, and embracing the change in treatment that the last twelve months have seen, we welcome this book. It comes to satisfy a clear demand. Mr. Poel's work as the Founder and Director of the Elizabethan Stage Society has caused his name to be circulated in connection with certain views, and those views hitherto have been mainly inaccessible. Even the assiduous few who have kept the articles in which he expressed them, as they appeared in various journals, have probably lost them or mislaid them. Those who worked independently of him have been told that some of the ground they traverse has been already covered by him; and it has not been easy to discover where and in what degree this has been the case. He, without a doubt, has been the pioneer of a movement that seems now disposed to claim its just own; but, like most pioneers, his position, by reason of its lack of definition, has seemed both larger and smaller than it really is. The publication of this book sets this difficulty at rest; and we do not believe that any true student of Shakespeare or lover of drama will fail to put it on his shelves.

The difficulty he has had before him (that is still before each worker in this field) can be simply stated. It is the bland assumption that the conditions under which Shakespeare wrote were crude, unfinished, and elementary; and that therefore, in kindness to him, he must be adapted for modern conditions in order that he may be intelligently appreciated. The result is that we get productions in which scenes are cut about, their sequence altered; scenes tacked on to other scenes when, in the poor text, there was no connection between them; the five carefully ordered movements turned into three or four according to the caprice of the producer; the psychology woefully treated by the wholesale excision of large passages; the text carefully edited in order that sense may be made out of them, and difficult passages dropped, and the resultant served up to us in gorgeous scenery—such as would have utterly mystified the dramatist—as the work of the greatest dramatic author of the world. Concurrently with the enthusiastic adulation of him in a pleasant hero-worship, he has been treated as the veriest tyro in his business who needed to be educated in his job. Dr. Johnson, living in an age of plush, powder, and poodles (in which atmosphere he has the decency to look out of place) said: "The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity"; and, though this is no longer said in the outer world, it is still the assumption concerning the dramatic world.

In sharp contrast to this the very opposite may be said. Mr. Poel does not trace Shakespeare's connection

with the stage in detail. He would doubtless have done so had he moulded these articles into an orderly book, for that connection is an important one. Probably from about 1588 to 1592 Shakespeare was with Alleyn's company at the Cross Keys Inn, where we know a stage was fitted up in the yard. From 1592 to 1594 he was certainly at the Rose in Southwark with Alleyn; in 1594 he was at the Theater Playhouse in Holywell with Burbage; in 1597 he was at the Curtain, where "Romeo and Juliet" was produced. In addition he had had plays produced, and had seen plays produced, at inn-yards south of London, in the West of England, and at Court. It should be a truism to say that the author of "Hamlet" did not go through so varied an experience as this without submitting it to careful thought as a dramatist. So that when the Globe Playhouse was built by the company of which he was a responsible "fellow," we are sure that it would incorporate this deliberate study and thought. Indeed, we know that this was so from the building contract for the Fortune that Alleyn gave, in which we constantly read that certain items are to be as "made and contrived in and to the late-erected Playhouse on the Bancke in the said parish of Saint Saviours, called the Globe"; from which it appears that Alleyn was much impressed by the facilities offered there.

The Globe, therefore, was a finished and very carefully considered arena devised for the production of the greatest drama that the world has seen. It made that drama possible; as it is clear that modern conditions, choked as they are with gorgeous auxiliaries that now usurp attention to themselves, make such drama almost an impossibility. Therefore, it would seem an elementary piece of common sense to affirm that Shakespeare as a dramatist must be respected, and those conditions restored that were the vehicle of his expression. Indeed, it is a further suggestion that a return to those conditions might help to lift the standard of drama in our own day. Yet we know that Mr. Poel has been stating this clear issue (and other workers as well, independently of him) consistently for some time; and has been laughed at as impracticable. Impracticable, for stating a common-sense issue! Even when he was allowed to produce "Troilus and Cressida" in this way at Stratford, it was bundled into the last few days, when the main company and most of the visitors had left.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that the dramatist has to take a third place to-day—the actor taking the first, and the producer the second; whereas in Shakespeare's time the dramatist was the builder of his own playhouse, the producer of his own play, and often the actor as well. He worked from the centre outwards; whereas now the method is to work from without to the centre, with a strong possibility of never arriving at the centre at all. If one takes, for example, the extraordinarily deft construction of the first act of "Hamlet," having in his mind the deployment of the action and the working out of the psychology of the prince that is to give the

clue to all that follows; where, one asks, may one see this in its proper place on the stage? And with the obvious answer to that question, this follows, that on the stage we do not get Shakespeare at all, but this or the other actor who presupposes a knowledge of the story as the basis of his own display. Or again, our interest at the end of the second act of "King Lear" remains almost equally with Gloster, Goneril, and Regan, who have gone in "out o' the storm," and with Lear who has gone into the storm. Shakespeare's stage enabled him to follow both interests side by side until Cordelia re-enters to the action at the breaking of the Crisis; that thus, all interests ripening together, a special point is given to that re-entrance. The constructional advantage of this concurrent movement does not need to be pointed out. But where may we see it in action?

Partly the difficulty is one of text. Shakespeare has not only been obscured by the "pitiful ambitions" of actor and producer, but no less by the blindness of his numerous editors. It seems an amazing thing to say, but it is the simple fact nevertheless, that there is no single edition of Shakespeare on the market that seeks to give the text of his plays as arranged by him or his "literary executors." We do not go with much that Mr. Poel says on this point. We think Shakespeare's inevitable system of construction makes it clear that he organised his plays in act-movements if not in act-divisions. We think, moreover, that once or twice (as in the third act of "Lear") scenes were meant, though not at all in the modern sense. But in the main the scene divisions, and all the scene specifications and consequent alteration of stage-directions, are due to the misunderstanding of such eighteenth century editors as Rowe, Pope, Warburton, and Theobald, who intruded them, altered the plays for their intrusion, and so have come between us and the dramatist. And all their intrusions have been incorporated in every subsequent edition, with the result that we walk into a book-shop and pick up edition after edition of Shakespeare that must puzzle their author greatly if ever, unhappily, they find their way into Elysium.

However, a change is slowly coming about. Many are participating in it, but no single factor counts for more than Mr. Poel. He was the pioneer; and he is still the leading worker. We can only hope that this book of his will receive the attention it deserves in the world of the theatre.

For Home and Duty

Livingstone and Newstead. By A. Z. FRASER (Alice Spinner). Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE occasion of this inspiring work is the centenary of Dr. Livingstone's birth. We have had a good many centenaries lately, including bi-centenaries and higher multiples of the centenary, but not all of them make a very general appeal. Yet there are centenaries that are

of real value to mankind or to such a considerable portion of it as, say, the English people. They alone are capable of holding the public ear long enough to instil into it the practical lessons of history. The hundredth anniversary of a birth or the fiftieth of an event present an unrivalled opportunity for analysing the trend of recent history and for counting our gains and losses. Comparison will be fruitful, for there is something to compare. If Youth will not judge between past and present, Age will, and—by a strange law of our mortal nature—generally in favour of the former. Mrs. Fraser, though representing two generations, is not a bigot for her earlier experience; when she specifically compares the past she has known with the present that she knows, she endorses the benefits of experience—for the race as for the individual. Children, in her young days, were systematically hardened and, in the process, she thinks, generally tortured and sometimes sacrificed. Thawing an ice-bound sponge for morning ablutions is not necessarily the road to moral or bodily strength.

The questions which she has left unanswered—which she has not even (specifically) propounded—are yet inevitable and, in view of the contrast suggested by the dates in question, insistent. Are the men of our own day capable of such feats of heroism, endurance, and self-denial as saved India in 1857, supported our armies and our homes through the muddles and privations of the Crimean War, and carried Livingstone, through solitude and starvation, across a continent? The recent Antarctic expedition is there to warn us against a hasty answer. For ourselves, we will be content to formulate the question.

A strong sense of duty and a rich simplicity are the two marks of the genuine "Middle-Victorian"; they are to be found unmistakably in the two principal characters of this book—in David Livingstone and in his devoted friend, William Frederick Webb, the father of the writer. Duty called Livingstone to Africa and Webb to England. Of the former we read that in his "self-imposed separation from his family, and especially from Agnes" (Mrs. Livingstone Bruce, his eldest daughter, recently deceased), "more than in any of the hardships and privations of his African explorations, was to be found the real self-sacrifice and heroism of his life." Of William Webb, on the other hand, master of a beautiful and happy home at Newstead Abbey, we have this saying: "How difficult life is: and how willingly would I give ten years of England for one year in South Africa!" He had just been offered the Governorship of Natal. He died in Africa, though, and—fortunately—before the Boer War, where he would have traced "sheer want of knowledge and want of tact" in the handling of the Boers. Both Livingstone and Webb regarded Africa with a feeling that was more than, though it included, the missionary spirit. Africa was England's child and opportunity, but she was also, for certain susceptible minds, a second native land.

Livingstone and his daughter spent nearly all the last months of the explorer's sojourn in England as

guests at Newstead. Some very interesting chapters are devoted to this venerable residence; it appears that the poet whom its name recalls has in part suffered for the sins of another, his great-uncle, the "wicked" Lord Byron. Livingstone, as might be expected, had little sympathy for the poet: "His character does not shine. It appears to have been horrid." But his chief grievance against Byron was the latter's treatment of the buildings of Newstead and of the sepulchres of the monks. And his judgment had less of "faint praise" in it than that of an oldest inhabitant: "Waal, 'e loiked good beer," with the rider, on cross-examination: "Waal, I did 'ear 'e'd writ zummat." Mrs. Fraser's remarks on the brewing, culinary, and general arrangements of Newstead form most entertaining pages of social history.

The African natives to whom we are introduced provide several interesting pages. There is the Bechuana chief, Sechéli, "a sincere chieftain, his only stumbling-block being a reluctance to part from his former wives, and this rather from a chivalrous unwillingness to dismiss them for no fault of their own than from any other motive." There is Livingstone's servant, Chumah, to whom "flour on the face of one of the old English ladies simply appeared a woeful waste of good food." Then there is the humbug, Jacob Wainwright, who, while on a missionary tour round England, confessed privately that he hoped to gain thus enough money to procure many wives on his return to Africa.

Stanley plays an important part, and the Newstead household were indignant at his treatment in England. His unsociability is abundantly illustrated, as also the childlike and child-loving character of the true explorer.

We cannot conclude without quoting an anecdote related by Mrs. Fraser of her father, which throws a dazzling light on the Christian humanity of the makers of Africa, who were yet stern enough towards native infringements of the boundaries they recognised between two races and civilisations: "While the steamer on which he was a passenger was passing through the Red Sea there was a cry of alarm, and at once the news ran round that two lascars had fallen overboard.

"Surely the captain is going to stop the ship?" was, of course, the first query.

"No," came the callous answer, 'not for mere lascars.'

"Then perhaps they will for a passenger," exclaimed my father, indignantly, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the water."

A Foreigner's Account

Burma under British Rule. By M. JOSEPH DAUTREMER.
Translated by Sir JAMES GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

MANY books have been written about Burma, but there is room for this new one by M. Dautremer, who, as Consul for France at Rangoon, had ample opportunities of observation and travel, which he has utilised to some purpose. It is noticeable that the French author, writ-

ing for perusal by his countrymen in France, gives a better impression of the success of British rule in Burma than the English translator, who makes some stringent remarks on the want of enterprise in the development of the communications of the country. As an official, Sir George Scott gained his spurs in Burma, and, presumably, has a better knowledge of the general administration, though he may not have paid so much attention as M. Dautremere to the statistics of trade, which was the latter's particular care. It is well to hear sometimes what others think of us: and it is the more agreeable when the foreign view is the more flattering. M. Dautremere "is a fearless critic and does not hesitate to point out that Burma offers much that both the French Government and the settlers in Cochin China and Tongking might copy with advantage." In all these Oriental regions it is the climate that really matters to the Europeans.

In the immense area of Burma there are various zones of climate, but they may be described, succinctly, as hot, hotter, and very hot. "In spite of this, it would not be just to say that the climate of Lower Burma is particularly unhealthy, and with reasonable care and attention to sanitary principles most Europeans keep perfect health." The Government have established sanatoria in the hill stations, and more will be established as communications are opened up. M. Dautremere points out to his countrymen the Englishman's secret for maintaining his health in tropical countries by taking up some kind of sport or other. "We Frenchmen still follow the Colonial way of the seventeenth century—a hammock, a siesta, and lounging about while the slaves work. The Englishman works himself; he has no siesta, he stirs about, and his system is all the better for it. The Englishman resists the climate, and the Frenchman falls a victim to it." The climate, the fertility of the country, and the Buddhist religion are main elements in the formation of the Burmese character. The Burman finds no difficulty in subsisting: his rice and fish can be obtained easily and cheaply; the women are allowed a liberty wonderful for the East, both in the ordering of their lives and in the selection of their husbands; in respect of the equality of sex, the Buddhist religion approaches Christianity in its liberalism.

Among the races which have come under the influence of Buddhism (the majority of the population in Burma) there is a strong and growing prejudice against polygamy, and the practice, though allowable, is rare. The net result of these influences is that the Burman does not care for regular and permanent work: his temperament is most conspicuous in his amusements; he revels in cock-fighting and stage-plays; he likes to pass the time as pleasantly as may be, smoking his cigar and chewing his betel. The man is constitutionally averse to work. The woman is by no means considered an inferior being: she has asserted herself without raising the suffragette question. "In the majority of cases she is pluckier and much harder-working than the men, and it is she who carries on all the household affairs, while

the good man is asleep, or gambling, or off to see a play." In short, the Burmese are a simple and happy people, who take life as it comes, always laughing and free from worry. They have been described as the happiest, most light-hearted people in the world. Sir Henry Yule, who went on a Mission to Ava in 1855, remarked: "It was such a relief to find natives who would laugh at a joke"—so different from the melancholy Oriental of India, with his sad outlook on life and struggle for existence.

This speciality of the Burmese population, equally with the silks and colouring of the happy crowds, strikes the visitor to the country. But there is also much to be seen in it, as M. Dautremere has described at length. The defiles of the Upper Irrawaddy offer very fine scenery, wooded hills, and sheer cliffs; there are ancient capitals, with their old palaces and deserted ruins, to attract the antiquarian; there are numerous pagodas of varying degrees of brilliancy and grandeur, as this book shows. No traveller ever returns dissatisfied from the trip to Burma, but the trip must be undertaken in the cold weather of the Indian winter. But M. Dautremere has much more to tell of trade than of the sights, and he offers many suggestions to the French for extending their special commerce with Burma. In his introduction the translator comments with severity on the parochial spirit which has hampered the British administration in Burma. "As a matter of fact, the administrative view is that of the parish beadle, and the enterprise that of the country carrier with a light cart instead of a motor-van." Sir George Scott advocates railway connection between Burma and India for the consolidation of our Indian Empire; and, in another direction, connection with the Malay States railway, so as to facilitate the support of Singapore, "the pivot of the trade of all the East." *Prima facie*, it appears that the Government of India have used Burma as a milch-cow, grabbing its balances without developing their property. The policy seems very short-sighted, and Sir George Scott has done good service in calling attention to it. Though this book is, in parts, full of figures which will interest and concern mercantile men, it is not at all heavy. M. Dautremere deserves the thanks of his countrymen for having written it, and of others for allowing it to be translated.

Panama Again!

Things as They Are in Panama. By HARRY A. FRANCK. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Panama: The Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection. By PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is no doubt that the reading public must prepare itself for a flood of Panamanian literature. It would be strange were it otherwise, in view of the enormous interest which the completion of the great project is exciting throughout the world. The first of these two volumes does not profess to compete with the works

dealing with the topography and the "whys," "wherefores," and occasionally "why nots" of the Canal zone.

No man has been better fitted by his experiences for his task than the author. He began his existence in Panama as a census-taker, and, this business concluded, he continued his official existence as a first-class policeman. In the Canal zone the distinction between a first-class policeman and a policeman pure and simple is greater than the nomenclature would imply. Briefly, the first-class policeman is an American citizen. A policeman, on the other hand, may be of any tint, from ebony-black to *café-au-lait*, but the social and official gap between the two is unbridgeable, although the members of the entire force appear to work together without hitch.

From this racy and interesting volume we glean many side-lights of information which will give the average reader a clearer insight into the life of the Canal zone than he had possessed before. It is instructive, for instance, to learn that the authorities are reluctant to distinguish—officially, at all events—between their white and black employees. The difference is both materially and subtly marked by the species of currency in which the two are paid: the white employee is paid according to the gold standard, and the remaining colours according to the silver. Thus the whole social life of North American Panama is based on these two methods.

It is certainly worth while to follow the adventures of "Zone Policeman 88," under which title the author helped to keep the peace in Central America; moreover, Mr. Franck is blessed with a sense of humour, and it is not possible to say this of every chance policeman one meets!

Señor Bunau-Varilla's work cannot fail to create a considerable amount of interest at the present time, when the stupendous undertaking appears actually to be nearing its completion. Unlike the already large number of books which have recently been published on Panama, this does not deal with the topography of the Canal itself; it is concerned, however, with an engineering feat which, in its own way, appears to have been fraught with quite a notable quantity of pitfalls and difficulties. It was Señor Bunau-Varilla's task to negotiate the treaty by which the then recently established Republic of Panama empowered the United States to employ its territory for this gigantic enterprise. In his capacity of Minister-Plenipotentiary at Washington he found himself assailed, in a diplomatic sense, not only by the representatives of the rival South American States, but by a certain clique of his own countrymen, who were unwilling to allow him to take the credit for the transaction, and who did their best to thrust in an oar possessed of a distinctly unfriendly blade. But Señor Bunau-Varilla triumphed. He tells us so, and rejoices in the fact. He writes, indeed, with all the *verve* of the Latin enthusiast, and is by no means averse to distribute praise where he considers it deserved, even if the recipient should be his own per-

sonality. There is no reason why he should not. We admire him for this frankness, which, in addition, lends a piquant flavour to the volume.

The last sentence of the book previous to the epilogue will give some idea of the author's enthusiasm. At the completion of a survey on what he has effected, he writes: "I had fulfilled my mission—the mission I had taken on myself, and I had safeguarded the work of the French genius; I had avenged his honour; I had served France."

This exuberance, as a matter of fact, is well justified. Señor Bunau-Varilla had really done all these things, and was entitled to the praise he claims, and, if we draw attention to this amiable weakness of his, it is by no means in order to belittle either his book or his services. We wish for some reasons that there were more participants in events of similar magnitude who would bring themselves to write such frank criticism as is evidenced here. This alone makes the book intensely interesting to read.

The Forerunner

John the Baptist and His Relations to Jesus. By the Rev. ALBAN BLAKISTON. (J. and J. Bennett. 6s. net.)

THE result, if not the purpose, of Mr. Blakiston's treatise is to demonstrate a certain rivalry between S. John the Baptist and our Lord; to prove that S. John founded a separate sect, and that he represented the teaching of the Old Testament in contrast with that of the New Covenant. His conception of the Messiah as the bringer of vengeance rather than of mercy is certainly that of the earlier prophets: his baptism is certainly more akin to the Jewish rite on admission of proselytes than to the sacramental Christian baptism, and it would appear from sundry passages that his ascetic ideas of fasting and the like were widely different from those of our Lord.

On another point we may agree with Mr. Blakiston—namely, that the preaching and teaching of the Baptist lasted far longer than the synoptic Gospels state. This, however, is not necessarily to be attributed to deliberate suppression of facts on the part of the writers; they were concerned not with the career of the Forerunner, but with that of Christ Himself, and it requires some ingenuity, not always convincing, to argue that they misrepresented the position and importance of S. John. Our Lord's own laudatory mention of him militates strongly against such a theory. But if the synoptists are to be treated in the contemptuous fashion which appears nowadays to be usual, we are, of course, free to believe that such laudation (cf. esp. Matt. xi, 11) is either exaggerated or an "accretion." The relationship between S. John and Jesus indicated by S. Luke (i, 40) Mr. Blakiston apparently does not consider worthy of notice.

The evidence of Josephus would certainly support the view that for a long time S. John was far more pro-

minent in popular regard than Christ; but Josephus is now becoming more and more discredited as a veracious historian. Even with regard to the family history of the Herodian family he can hardly be trusted, and Mr. Blakiston's idea that the "birthday feast" is something not far removed from fiction, and that Salome or Herodias, as he thinks, with Westcott and Hort, the proper name is, was too young to have acted in the way represented by S. Luke, rests, after all, chiefly on the evidence of the Jewish historian. But, like many other of his theories, this view is modified in the "appended notes," which are of the greatest value and display great erudition. He holds that S. John, revolutionary in his ideas, went voluntarily to Machaerus in order to rebuke Herod, and was there apprehended and executed; that this raised a storm of indignation against Antipas, and was the cause of his refusal to pronounce judgment on Christ when He was sent to him by Pilate.

That the fourth Gospel is in many passages polemical may readily be granted, but that the writer thereof intended deliberately to belittle the position of S. John, as Mr. Blakiston seems to suppose, is questionable. More convincing is his investigation of the existence of a "Baptist" sect, possibly represented by Apollos, in Chap. ix (cf. I Cor., i, 12; iii, 4, 22), during the early preaching of Christianity; and his statement of the views and doctrines of the "Hemerobaptists" is illuminative. As already remarked, the quotations in his "appended notes" are most valuable.

On the whole, it may be said that Mr. Blakiston proves his two main points: firstly, that the teaching and the effect of the teaching of S. John was far more prolonged than is generally supposed; and, secondly, that it had far more influence in the early Christian Church than we recognise. That there is any intentional desire on the part of the writers to thrust him into the background is quite another question and may well be doubted.

A French State Prison

Les Prisons du Mont Saint-Michel, 1425-1864, d'après des Documents inédits. By ETIENNE DUPONT. Illustrated. (Perrin and Co., Paris. 5 frs.)

M. DUPONT has become quite an authority on that rocky coast of France which extends from Mont Saint-Michel Bay, in Normandy, to Saint-Malo, the ancient Breton fortified town at the mouth of the Rance, the home of Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada, and of many a daring corsair and privateer in the olden time. Two kindred works by M. Dupont, "Le Légendaire du Mont Saint-Michel" and "Tombelaine," were noticed in THE ACADEMY last year, and he is the author of half a dozen other books dealing with the same locality. Tombelaine, a near neighbour of the abbey-fortress, is a rocky islet which was fortified by the English and occupied by them throughout the Hundred Years' War.

In the present volume, M. Dupont gives the history of Mont Saint-Michel as a State prison from 1425 to

1864. Many famous persons were interned there during that period, one of the most important of whom was unquestionably Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, whom the French Ambassador to Turkey had kidnapped and sent to France by order of that unscrupulous despot Louis XIV. There were also some notable Scotch prisoners, who were among the very few who ever succeeded in escaping from that grim place of duress. These were Norman Leslie, William Kirkcaldy, and the Laird of Pitmillie, concerned in the assassination of Cardinal Beaton in 1546. In later times many youthful aristocrats and smaller fry, bent on sowing their wild oats, "not wisely, but too well," were confined there under the notorious *lettres de cachet*. During the Revolution many Vendean prisoners were sent there, having escaped massacre at the hands of the Blues, and in the first half of the nineteenth century a succession of political prisoners, Armand Barbès, Blanqui, and a host of others, were drafted there; and they appear to have given their jailers more trouble than the latter had ever known before.

M. Dupont effectually explodes the legend of the prisoner who was devoured by rats. This was Victor de la Cassagne, alias Dubourg, a publicist of the days of Louis XV, who was kidnapped at Frankfort and sent at once to Mont Saint-Michel. He started the "hunger strike" nearly one hundred and seventy years ago, and in retaliation his keepers initiated "forcible feeding," which proves once more that "there is no new thing under the sun." He fasted twelve days and then was made to swallow bouillon by the rough and ready means of a funnel introduced into his gullet. This kept him alive for a while; nevertheless, he died a more or less natural death, after a year's confinement, at the age of thirty-six. As a matter of fact, his death certificate exists, which conclusively proves that rats had nothing to do with his demise. On the other hand, it is pitiful to learn that he was allowed to expire in the famous cage that gave rise to so many legends. In 1470, Louis XI visited Mont Saint-Michel, when he is said to have bestowed upon the prison one of the horrible iron cages which Hans Ferdagent, a German blacksmith, is credited with having made for him. There is no doubt that there was a cage for special prisoners in the abbey-fortress, but it was of wood, and appears to have been destroyed shortly before the Revolution. Among the illustrations to the volume is one giving a reconstruction of this cage based on an official report of 1746.

Next month Stanley Paul and Co. will publish, under the title "More About Collecting," a new book by Sir James Yoxall, M.P., the author of "The A B C About Collecting," very thoroughly illustrated. It gives many practical hints about books, glass, pictures, porcelain, lace, clocks, and furniture, among other subjects, and is written "for the help of amateurs smitten with the passion for picking up things which are odd, pretty, or rare."

Shorter Reviews

Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany. Reprinted in Facsimile from the Edition of 1654. With an Introduction and Notes by HERBERT F. SCHWARZ. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

THE tastes of Elizabethan playgoers were full-blooded, and when they took their places to sup full of horrors they expected an extensive bill of fare. In "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," of which Mr. Herbert Schwarz has now produced rather a superfluous edition, they were certainly given plenty for their money; but the play does not seem to have achieved much success, and assuredly did not deserve it. It was first printed as late as 1654, and its publisher, Humphrey Moseley, was bold enough to assign it to George Chapman, an attribution now generally discredited. It had been acted in 1636 for presentation before the Palsgrave Charles Louis, but this must be regarded as a revival, and its style takes it back to about 1570. As regards its plot, it is quite unhistorical, as it transforms a blameless Spanish prince, Alfonso X of Castile, into an insanely cruel tyrant, and represents him as contending for the imperial crown in Germany, which, as a fact, he never visited. An English rival, Richard, Duke of Cornwall, younger brother of Henry III, and an English lover in the person of Prince Edward, no doubt helped the play with a London audience, which may also have been interested in some of the German customs which the author depicts with more than usual accuracy. What a London audience made of the German talk which is rather freely scattered about the text it is difficult to guess. Mr. Schwarz's chief interest seems to be in the horrors of the plot to which in his introduction he produces a series of parallels drawn from not very recondite sources of information. Neither this introduction nor his notes can be held to justify this new reprint of a play which has already been twice well edited, nor are we very grateful that the text of the badly printed edition of 1654 is here reproduced in a photographic facsimile which is frequently difficult to read.

Maeterlinck. By JETHRO BITHELL.

Newman's Apologia pro Vita Sua. Two vols. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. each.)

A FEW years ago the delicate imaginings of Maurice Maeterlinck were received, without much analytical criticism, as the work of one who came near to being an immortal prophet and seer. His gentleness, his way of looking at life and death as though a smile could rob them of all their terrors, pleased us, and he was welcomed unquestionably. To-day we have grown a little sceptical towards his finely-spun theories, and the author of this essay, praising rather indiscriminately, will meet with more criticism than would have been the case had he written when the spell of the Belgian philosopher

was strong upon us. However, as a catalogue and description of Maeterlinck's books and plays the volume has much value, and there are some illuminating pages.

Cardinal Newman's intensely interesting work needs no comment now. This new edition is of handy size, clearly printed and excellently bound, and the publishers are to be congratulated on their reprint of the first edition of 1864. The introduction, by the Rev. John Gamble, adds to its value.

Odds and Ends of Foreign Travel. By GEORGE C. MORANT, F.C.I.I. Illustrated. (Charles and Edwin Layton, 4s. 6d. net.)

THE author of these travel sketches explains in his preface that he will devote the profits of the publication to an institution connected with the business in which he has passed the greater part of his life, and in connection with which most of the journeys referred to in the book have been undertaken. This, he explains, is the Insurance Clerks' Orphanage. We trust that no inconsiderable sum will, in consequence, be received by that very admirable institution—although it must be admitted, with some regret, that the average volume of rather slight travel sketches, such as these "Odds and Ends," does not as a rule attract a sufficiently large public to entail much financial return to those concerned. The author has certainly travelled very widely; by means of these pleasant little sketches he takes us from France, Germany, Greece, Sweden, and numerous other European countries to China, Japan, the United States, Canada, South America, South Africa, Australia, and many other spots scattered about the globe in addition even to these. Here is an itinerant feast which could satisfy even the most gluttonous traveller. Many of the sketches, moreover, although slight, are amusing and well conceived.

Fiction

White Lilac. By WYND STRANGE. (Murray and Eviden. 6s.)

"LYSTER'S grim face was carved in stone as, motionless and alone, he stood with folded arms, and stern, frowning eyes turned seawards.

"'Damn!'"

Perhaps under ordinary circumstances an apology would be necessary for opening a book review with a paragraph containing a "swear-word," but we feel that in this case the circumstances are so extraordinary as to render apologies totally unnecessary. The above is only one, and by no means the best, out of a host of absolutely unconscious witticisms perpetrated by the very serious-minded and, so far as we can judge, very young author of "White Lilac." The book is a rich feast of fun, though it was never intended to be, and

fully exemplifies the truth that unconscious humour is the most intense.

"A swift, angry tread," whatever that may be, "burning glances," scornful laughter, masterful men, hypnotic gazes, secret inner yearnings, powerful faces, and sentences in italics are as common in this book as flies in June—if not commoner. The story does not matter—that is, what there is of it—for it consists of a series of impossible loves and hates and convenient tragedies; the hero does not want his wife, so she goes out and gets killed in a hunting accident; then the hero himself, just at the culminating point of his happiness, rescues a "chee-yild" from a motor-car accident, and there is a death-bed marriage scene to follow.

These, however, are minor events by comparison with the descriptive passages. We own to having rejoiced in the book, though not in the way that its author intended.

The Gods Are Athirst. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated into English by ALFRED ALLINSON. (John Lane. 6s.)

WE have already reviewed this book when it appeared in the original, and we need add little to what was then written. To those who have not an opportunity of reading the famous French author in his native tongue, this translation will come in the light of a very valuable work; and even those who have enjoyed the first appearance of "The Gods Are Athirst" may find it worth their while to refresh their memory by a glance at the English version. The process of translation is, of course, at the best, an ungrateful one, in which the finer nuances and the most powerful scenes alike are wont to suffer and become diluted, as it were, with a weak and depreciating solution of superfluous liquid, so that the translation represents something in the nature of watered wine. In this case the task has been well and simply achieved, with the result that very little of the grim power, humour, and pathos of the genius of Anatole France has been lost.

The World's Daughter. By CYRIL HARCOURT. (John Lane. 6s.)

It is a matter of great astonishment how some of the novels published ever see the light of day. Such a one is "The World's Daughter," unless the author intends the book as a light skit upon something or other. Ursula, a young lady with a bicycle, misses her train at St. Pancras and is mildly swearing about it when a young man politely accosts her and asks if he may offer his assistance in the matter of finding the times of other trains. After a slight hesitation a train is discovered to suit both their needs. They enter a compartment, and after a very short space of time this is a sample of the conversation which takes place:—

"And your coat," she went on, "your adorable Harris tweed coat! How delicious and smelly!

Heather and mountains and wild mists. And now stand up and let me see how big you are. Jerry! Jerry! You're *Him*, you really, really are *Him*. Oh! why do you make me want to say my prayers so? And where were you born, and how old are you, and how many years do you think there are before we need die?

If the reader cares for the paragraph we have quoted he will find many more in a similar strain should he read to the end. For our part—and we say it without any irreverence—we think that it is fortunate that the friend to whom the story is dedicated died some years ago; for "The World's Daughter" would have been a severe test to which to submit any comrade, however dear.

Pelle the Conqueror. By ANDERSEN MEXO. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

JEAN CHRISTOPHER set the fashion—or was it Captain Kettle?—and now we have authors of every nationality writing a series of novels around one personality. This book is the first of four, revealing Pelle as the boy on the Bornholm farm, "obviously preparing for the greater activities which are the subject of the succeeding volumes," as the publishers inform us on the wrapper.

Not very "obviously," we fear, until the last two or three chapters. Pelle is a boy among farm labourers, a little more intelligent than usual—but that sort of boy is common enough among farm labourers in every agricultural community. The blunted moral sense of the class is well depicted in Kalle, the stonebreaker. The whole book is alive and real with the life of a simple peasantry, and it makes interesting reading. Beyond that there is little to be said, for scenes and acts are intensely commonplace—one feels the burden of life, rather, in this very detailed study of Pelle's early years.

Then at the end comes one fine chapter, a pulsing, real study of Pelle's departure from the farm in search of bigger things; the author rises to the very best use of his material here, and, as throughout the rest of the book, the translator has caught the spirit of the work, effected a transmutation by which the story loses none of the strength of its original telling. It is, on the whole, an intimate and interesting study, avowedly incomplete, and thus more a work of promise than of fulfilment.

An Indian Mystery. By M. HENNIKER ANDREWS. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

If good fiction may justly be expected to represent only what is probable or may occur, in fair possibility, this novel would hardly satisfy the test. It is impossible to conceive circumstances under which abductions of three adult members of the same family could be perpetrated within a few weeks, even in India, by scoundrels of the deepest dye. True, the first leads to the second, and the second to the third: they are successive and not simultaneous. But that they should all

succeed, even temporarily, can scarcely be imagined. The mystery commences with a yielding to temptation under financial difficulties, and the story should be a warning to Englishmen in India against trusting plausible natives without adequate knowledge of their character and antecedents. The contrast between an Englishman's principles and the native practice of accepting illegal gratifications is very apparent. It is difficult to assign the palm for rascality, whether to the native agent or to his confederate, the police inspector. It may be hoped that there are not many such officers (as the latter is described) in a service which ought to be clean-handed. The moral emerging is that the sterling personality of a straightforward, powerful young Englishman will prevail against the wickedness of the natives. The heroine, depicted at first as frivolous and foolish, proves to be a splendid specimen of young English womanhood. She is almost too beautiful and magnificent to be natural. The hero's attitude towards her shows more self-restraint than most men would observe, but the circumstances were exceptionally trying. To divulge the plot would spoil the reader's enjoyment. The writer evidently knows Southern India; no slips have been noticed. The book is full of incident and maintains its exciting interest to the end. It can be recommended as an amusing novel, with plenty of life and character; perhaps the heroine's speeches and soliloquies are occasionally too long and self-searching.

God's Clay. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

IT is generally supposed that people in a holiday mood are apt not to be too critical with regard to the fare provided for them by the writers of stories—that almost anything will do to dip into as a slight variation from gazing at the sea or watching the passers-by as one reclines lazily on a deck-chair on the parade. Such evidently is the belief of the authors of "God's Clay." Very little thought or care has gone to the compilation of the story. Crude melodrama, with many irrelevant, not to say irreverent, references to God and religion there is in plenty, coupled with improbable situations and impossible people. An episode which takes place between the heroine and the villain in a cottage in a lonely part of Cornwall calls to mind very forcibly a scene in a play that was very popular with touring companies several years ago. There is a murder, a suicide, and a betrayer of maidens in shops. On the murder and the suicide God's blessing is evoked—the betrayer being the person murdered. Holidays doubtless will be over before Mrs. Alice and Mr. Claude Askew write their next novel, so there then will be no excuse for turning out a similar attempt to this one.

His Majesty the Kaiser has accepted a copy of "Men Around the Kaiser," by Mr. F. W. Wile, of which Mr. Heinemann has just published a second edition. The Crown Prince and Prince Henry have also accepted copies.

The Theatre

A Retrospective Review, 1912-13

AT ALL THE THEATRES

III

WE find in glancing back at the names of the newer authors whose plays have been produced during the last twelve months that they are many more than we had supposed. If the year has not been altogether a success, many a new name may be placed to its credit. Among them that of Mr. Robert Vansittart should be foremost. His play, "The Cap and Bells," gave one a sense that a writer of comedy was among us. His hero and heroine asked a little too much of us, perhaps, but the important modern characters surrounding them were drawn with great skill and played with consummate art. One cannot have a great success at the Little Theatre, charming and intimate as it is, because the audience can never be a large one, but as far as was possible Miss Ethel Warwick made a victory of "The Cap and Bells." This lady, as lessee of the Queen's, also produced "The Tide," by the comparatively new playwright, Mr. Macdonald Hastings, but the public was not entirely adjusted to the writer's large, rather loose, method, although the drama undoubtedly showed imagination and freshness, boldness, and the sense of the theatre which has been lacking in many endeavours this year. One thing is certain, Mr. Hastings supplied Miss Warwick with a character in which she could show us her undoubted gifts. This last may also be said of "Sylvia Greer," by the author of "Irene Wycherley," and although the play itself was badly received by the Press, Miss Warwick had one more personal victory. There is a hope that she may go on from strength to strength, and a little later prove that our stage can still produce great emotional actresses.

That we have very many clever and delightful ones has been shown again and again during the last year. The return to the stage of Miss Wish Wynne in "The Great Adventure" has won the praise of thousands; the charm of Miss Evelyn D'Alroy in the beautiful and queer but unpopular "Turandot" at the St. James's was above dispute. By the way, this exotic example of, may one say, eighteenth century Italian Chinese, is to be altered in some respects, we believe, and revived. It is one of several productions of the year which should have been fortunate, but did not entirely succeed.

"The Pretenders" is the first example of this class which comes to mind—but there were many others. "Typhoon" is another which has long outlived failure, and helped Mr. Laurence Irving to enforce his cleverness, sincerity, and power upon a curiously unwilling public. But has it been a success in any other than the artistic sense? One really does not know or care since its victories as a serious treatment of the Japanese in the West and the interest of Mr. Irving's performance are more than enough for the wise playgoer.

From our point of view Mr. Stanley Houghton's

"The Younger Generation," and more especially Mr. Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son," should have run for many hundreds of nights, for the first was written in a modern realistic spirit and with a humour which is said to mark the taste of present-day society, while the second was a sincere and skilful piece of work that introduced to us Miss Cathleen Nesbitt in a powerful and tragic part in which she walked in beauty like the night. "The Eldest Son" is said to have suffered from having been withheld from the stage for a year or two; for us such fortuitous circumstances cannot rob a masterpiece of its value. Miss Gladys Unger's "The Son and Heir" appeared to be a little in the same school, but sufficiently individual to be of great interest. It is, we think, the best of the busy author's works, and deserved success.

But perhaps the most interesting production which failed to delight the London public was "The Faun," by Mr. Knoblauch, in which Mr. Harvey played far better than we have ever seen him accomplish. This comedy, with its introduction of the mythic into modern life, held within it the germ of lasting popularity, and yet it was not popular in the broadest meaning of the word. Its gaiety, its satire, its queer turns of thought and admirable characterisation held the audience throughout the admirably conceived play—but the audiences did not come to be held. No doubt with his all-conquering "Kismet," and his share in the successes of the "Headmaster," and that play of great staying power, "Milestones," the bad luck of "The Faun" seemed but trivial to the author; to the critic, on the other hand, it appeared a calamity that so interesting a work should have so slight an effect upon a London audience.

Many of the newer authors appear to have been writing down to the level of what they believe the public wants. Many of the boldest are now content to produce plays from fairly successful French originals and adaptations of American work which has withstood the criticism of those vast States. They are learning here in London what the ten-year author tells: "If you've heard the public calling, you will write the play that sells." Such is the adaptation from the American "Within the Law," by Mr. Fenn and Mr. Wimperis; such is "The Barrier," by Mr. Philip Hubbard, founded on a popular American novel; such is "Oh, I Say!" which Mr. Welch makes so irresistibly amusing at the Criterion; and such are the other plays—with the exception of "The Great Adventure," which, of course, is founded by Mr. Bennett on his own delightful novel with a title already used by a greater than he—which have met with popular approval this year.

The Irish plays have been so fully and so cleverly dealt with in our columns that it only remains to say that we hope we may have a long season of them next year—and that they will be better played.

In regard to the Shakespearean plays we have been fairly happy. Mr. Granville Barker's season at the Savoy proved epoch making, but not, perhaps, money

making, while Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson gave the playgoers true delights by his long and happy farewell season at Drury Lane. Sir Herbert Tree has done much to amuse the public this year—a little unintentionally, perhaps, in "The Happy Island." But his Shakespeare Festival proved a feast of old, remembered pleasant things. Although not made entertaining by new readings or remarkable by any bold devices, each play was given with loving care and received with great enjoyment. Perhaps the most interesting Shakespearean revival was the bravely simple show of "Taming of the Shrew," by Mr. Martin Harvey, with the aid of Mr. William Poel. Never has the curious Elizabethan trifle been so vividly presented, never have simpler or more effective means been employed with such highly successful results.

Thus there have been plenty of new plays that achieved success with us, if not with the public. Many Shakespearean revivals worthy of our stage and fulfilled with the spirit of their period. Many, too, have been the revivals of old, and one had hoped extinct, dramas such as "Jim the Penman" and "Diplomacy," which have engaged the interest and won the wages of the London audiences.

Taking a broad view of the work of the year, apart from all considerations of commerce, we cannot understand why so many people should speak of the last twelve months as unfortunate from the playgoer's standpoint. To have had the advantage of seeing "The Pretenders," "The Great Adventure," "The Yellow Jacket," "The Eldest Son," "The Cap and Bells," "The Faun," "The Typhoon," the curious "Turandot," and, on the lighter stage, such gay and charming productions as "A Venetian Night" and "Hullo! Rag Time," to mention a very few of the many gorgeous London night's entertainments which we have enjoyed, all this seems to us quite as much as a philosophical playgoer can hope for. That there have been many failures and frequent dull and disappointing hours will be owned, but is that surprising with a stage such as ours which is so greatly struggling to be free? One can only judge by the net result of a year's labours and we are at least anxious to congratulate all those connected with the theatrical adventures of London upon their many brave endeavours and their not infrequent superb victories. Although we may not have many actors who have proved themselves really great, an enormous number has shown themselves to be highly entertaining and gifted.

Looking backward, who shall tell
All the glories, all the lack;
There is heaven, there is hell
Looking back.

And the careful student of the stage during 1912-13 will find that the year has contained more effort, more hopeful endeavour than many other periods when conditions were simpler and the public less critical.

EGAN MEW.

The New Middlesex

WE paid a second visit the other evening to "J'Adore Ca." This sprightly French Revue still holds its own and continues to attract crowds to the New Middlesex in Drury Lane. And no wonder, for it is a delightful medley of music, song and dance, statuesque limbs, and charming, though somewhat scanty, costumes. The management have wisely introduced some new turns, which have no doubt contributed to the fresh lease of life the show is now enjoying. Chief among these are a Grand Bohemian Battle of Flowers, with real flowers and much merriment, and La Pelliculade, a side-splitting piece of fun which comes as a droll surprise to the audience. We must confess our ignorance of the exact meaning of the word, though it is true there is plenty of pellicle in evidence, and in that may be found its *raison d'être*. Another new turn, which met with much applause, is the Danse de la Captive, created by Mlle. Bert-Angère, who also plays Pierrot to the Colombine of Mlle. Dormeuil, of miff fame. The Chanteur and the Chanteuse, the Compère and the Comère, contribute much to the success of the performance, especially the two latter, who are on in almost every scene, of which there are no fewer than twenty-one.

The Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry

THIS is not the last belated ripple of a brain-wave; it is pure plagiarism, and unabashed. The question involved in our title has been settled once and for all by the eminent scholar, lawyer, and statesman who coined that title. ("Statesman" is a concession to the holiday spirit; our usual practice is to reserve this word for our political friends, leaving the less reputable "politician" for their antagonists.) Mr. Birrell, we have said, has given the final decision *in re* Robert Browning, and, in an ordinary way, there is no more to be said. He has shown that there were, at any rate, two Robert Brownings, and that the older of the two wrote "a good deal which makes very difficult reading indeed," though he is to be acquitted—without a stain on his character—on the more serious charge of murdering his grammar. He also points out that the Browning hook is too often wrongly baited for catching the public taste. "Estimable paterfamilias" is not likely to try a second nibble after "Another Way of Love"; he will congratulate himself on his escape.

We have said there is nothing to be said. This is not strictly accurate, else there would be no excuse for this paper. We have heard what "Half Rome" has to say about it; we have likewise heard the verdict of the "Other-Half Rome"; but there remains a "Tertium Quid." There are the foreign rights to be considered. We have always been curious to know what a really accomplished "anglisant" foreigner thinks about

Browning. Not that his opinion need affect very seriously our own judgment. If Browning is weighed in foreign balances and found wanting, so much the worse for the foreign balances; if Byron is the English poet best known and best esteemed of foreigners, we need not therefore crown him as our greatest singer. There are national poets and there are international poets, and the latter category, leaving out of the question a few supreme names, is not essentially superior to the former. Goethe is a world-poet, Schiller a German poet; have we therefore the right to say that the former is the greater?

We have just had the pleasure of reading an essay by a Frenchman on "l'Obscurité de Robert Browning." It is a veritable *tour de force*. The conjunction is piquant enough. A representative of the nation that thinks that literature and lucidity are synonymous terms deals judiciously with the obscurities to be found in the most difficult poet of a nation that holds that poetry may or even must be difficult. French poetry is "versification" raised to the highest power by taste and judgment; the best English poetry is a guess at the unknowable—an effort to penetrate behind the veil. Mr. Birrell's concession to the poets of the right to be "dreamy and inconclusive" cannot be stretched to include the French poets.

M. Floris Delattre, the daring Frenchman to whom we have referred, is almost the first of his countrymen to enter the field of Browning criticism. We believe that a critical biography of the poet by M. Pierre Berger preceded by a little the appearance in the Lille University periodical, *la Revue Germanique*, of M. Delattre's essay. Of the former we do not propose to speak, partly because we have not yet had an opportunity of reading it. On the latter we feel inspired to make certain comments. M. Delattre, as a writer on English literature, is by no means *le premier venu*. Two, at least, of his works have been reviewed in THE ACADEMY—a wonderful book on Herrick, and a book on English fairies—of which the latter, we believe, was written in English. He is in no sense one of those pedants of the Seminar who made our blood boil with their insolent pretensions. These self-appointed policemen of literary history generally bring no qualifications beyond a stray professorial suggestion and a course of uninspired cramming, to the exotic task of settling a foreign nation's literary affairs. We have often cause to be thankful when they select for their sphere of action some trivial poetical movement of bygone days or some deservedly forgotten poet.

M. Delattre, we have said, does not figure "dans cette galère." He "speaks with authority and not as the"—pedants! He is that miracle of a man who, being French, can write of Robert Browning as an Englishman. He does not begin by premising that here is an author who is difficult for his fellow-countrymen, and who must be, *a fortiori*, almost impossible for foreigners. He merely says that Browning has been considered obscure—by anyone who has tried to read him—that the charge is, roughly, true, and that the

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obscurity consists in this trick and the other trick. It is easy, even with the most perfect good faith and with real veneration for the poet, to find difficulties in Browning. There is not a page or a poem that does not contain something that needs thinking over, and even then we may end by being baffled. But the surprising thing about M. Delattre is that he has found out all the typical difficulties. Some of the ellipses that he notices would not, perhaps, strike an English reader as very unusual; but, apart from these, his classification of Browning's obscurities might have been composed by Mr. Birrell himself. It is a rank disappointment. Instead of saying: "Oh, you English, what is there in your blood that makes you read a doggerel poet whose meaning, hard for you, is absolutely undiscoverable for anyone else?" he analyses a number of poems, and says: "Here is learned pedantry, there the affectation of Anglo-Saxon idiom, here ellipsis, and there a debauch of parenthesis." As for the ideas—the swing of the logic—nothing could be simpler: "Chacune de ses idées, examinée séparément, si l'on prend la peine d'analyser en détail un poème, est assez simple; c'est la vitesse avec laquelle le poète les fait passer sous nos yeux qui les trouble, comme le giroïement d'un kaléidoscope." And how should we recognise a foreign critic in the following judgment?—"On reconnaît trop, dans le style bousculé de Browning, l'autoïdacte, l'homme qui a eu une éducation capricieuse et solitaire, qui n'a jamais éprouvé la nécessité de se faire comprendre d'autrui."

M. Delattre has given us, beyond the one enormous central surprise, no shocks, no surprises. He has not shifted the critical telescope by a single foot. He has looked through it from the exact spot where it was left by the last Englishman who used it. We can only conclude by quoting the first words of M. Lucien Maury's criticism of Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's book on the respective merits of the English and various other systems of national education: "Ces Anglais sont étonnants. Ils nous étonnent par leur audace, leur imperturbable audace, leur sang-froid, et, j'ose le dire leur sans-gêne dans l'affirmation des choses les plus imprévues." Change an obvious word or two, and O M. Maury! O M. Delattre! O every Frenchman in every age!

"De te fabula!"

R. F. S.

"My Somali Book," shortly to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., is a record of two shooting trips into comparatively unknown territory taken by Captain A. H. E. Mosse, of the Indian Army, to the Political Department of which he is attached. A Fellow of the Zoological Society, his book is something more than a mere record of sport. It is abundantly illustrated with photographs by the author, and pen-and-ink sketches by Lieut. D. D. Haskard, R.A. An introduction is contributed by Colonel H. G. C. Swayne, R.E., F.S.S., who speaks with unrivalled authority, since he has made no less than seventeen trips into Somaliland.

The Scholar-Gipsy.

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide will he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

THE Scholar-Gipsy, book in pocket, cloak on arm, wandering through the woods, is one of the most lovable of men. Gray was of the type; and Matthew Arnold's sketch of Gray owes much to the fact that one facet of Arnold was all scholar-gipsy. The late Andrew Lang, when he closed the study door and went forth to smell the peat-smoke in place of the lamp, was of the company. They do not all write themselves. There are mute inglorious ones who can enjoy the book they carry without desiring to make one of their own.

If the Scholar-Gipsy be somewhat pensive of manner, or show, when you pass near him, an aloof air, at the opposite pole from that of the pivot-like village children, do not imagine he is a misanthrope. More probably is his ego—in a phrase that when Stevenson, another scholar-gipsy, heard it, he italicised and put it in a book—"like a garden full of shelter and of fountains."

His remoteness is due to a lesson that has been impressed upon his mind—the lesson of the futility of speech. If you have lost the path and ask him for information regarding the lie of the land he will give it to you with all courtesy. If you want news of an inn where you may eat and drink he will advise wisely. If you make comment on the weather, in the manner of mankind meeting in the fields, he will exchange with you these copper coins of speech. But you need not try to lure him into further talk. He has learnt that beyond the expression of such simple matters—a direction left or right, north or south; an opinion on rain or sun; an exchange of the words "eat"—"drink"—"hot"—"cold"—men can hold little converse by speech, despite the many words in the dictionary.

When the Tower of Babel was a-building there must have been many who, like him, fell back upon silence, accepted the inevitable with impassivity—for there have been wise men in all ages. Speech, except with these few who are of our own spiritual world, is a vain thing; this not only because there is a sense in which no man can comprehend when he has not in him the pigeon-hole at least where the docket may be filed, but because so few of us are honest with ourselves, let alone honest with others.

The dictionary is out of the question. Imagine packing around heavy tomes with us lest we meet a man by the way and wish to converse! Yet, when we do talk, what happens? One man uses the phrase "a generous mind" let us say, and his auditor conjures up a picture of a man-about-town giving a flower girl a shilling for two red roses and swaggering on with the sound of her "Good luck" in his ears. Or one speaks of "independence" and another understands "leisure." Look at the word "gentleman" which, though still in the

currency, some wise men discard as do many shopkeepers refuse farthings though Government still issues them. The times have changed since R. L. S. wrote (with a twinkle in his eye) that he had seen a great lawyer in the house of a Hebridean fisherman, but not for worlds would disclose which he considered the greater gentleman. And yet one can hear a description given thus: "He wears a beautifully cut suit; he smokes fine cigars; has exquisite shoes; his gloves—perfect—in fact—" we wait for the climax—"a perfect gentleman." Silently we file the definition.

The Scholar-Gipsy has seen all this:—dishonesty of men; slackness in expression; variety of meanings upon one given word; perhaps he has even—in the days when still he was, in Johnson's phrase, "a club-able man," although already coming under the charm of silence—perhaps he has even in these days sat, a silent third party, and heard two men wildly disputing for a quarter of an hour only to find, at the end, that they were in agreement all the while, but that they had been using the coin of different countries, as it were, and had got muddled in the exchange, the one talking in the phrases of a scientist, the other using the speech of a transcendentalist!

With books and brooks there are no such futilities. The Scholar-Gipsy is not an inhuman person, but a sensitive one who has learnt the inefficiency of speech. With a book he surmounts these difficulties. The printed sentence can be re-read and its sense—if doubtful on the first scrutiny—discovered. The Scholar-Gipsy flies from the drawing-room where that which is ostensibly converse is merely a continual skirmishing under a flag of truce. He steals away even from the smoking-room, in these days when the nervous cigarette has ousted the meditative pipe. But we are idiots who describe him as one who goes little into society—no, not idiots—merely people talking, for whom the word "society" has lost vastness, become insular, provincial. If we call him "dull" we err again. Is the flint dull when it lies among moss and aids in the making of no sparks? It is his humanity that sets him wandering in the woods. It is because in what we call society—having snared the word and put it in a cage—no persons ever really meet—it is because when they do forgather they are always talking different languages—that he wanders in the woods, and sits upon some sloping bank holding converse with a man in a book, if so be the man in that book have not strung the printed words as carelessly as we string our spoken words. The Scholar-Gipsy, under his loose cloak, is the most lovable of men.

Chapman and Hall, Ltd., will publish early in September a new collection of poems by K. C. Spiers; the new volume will consist of poems contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, together with hitherto unpublished poems, and a Japanese one-act tragedy entitled "The Soul of a Doll," which is to be seen this winter at a West End theatre.

Fishing with a Sean

BY F. G. AFLALO.

IT is one thing to fish for bread, and quite another sensation to fish for fun, as even those who have experienced only the lighter side of such business can readily appreciate. To him who makes his living by it, the harvest of net or line may be grievous, whereas the same catch might, in both weight and variety, generously compensate the amateur for his effort. His time is worth nothing, and his labour is one of love. Those who merely watch hungry men straining at the salmon nets are apt to miss the pleasure of sean-fishing as a pastime, for it seems a grim choice to bend the back and stretch the arms, only to find the net, times and again, empty of all save weed and stones. It should, however, be remembered, when listening to the murmurs of the salmon men, that they are after the biggest game of the estuary. With the occasional variant of a sea trout, bass, or grey mullet of sufficient size to be imprisoned in the regulation mesh, their motto is *aut salmo aut nihil*, and so high a prize entails many a blank draw. In the shore-sean, on the other hand, which, though forbidden in estuaries, may be used on the open beach, the mesh is only one inch, and it gathers in its close embrace such treasures as flat fish, mackerel, and other excellent *frutti di mare*. One rule, however, should be held inviolate by amateurs, and that is the prompt return to the sea, alive and undamaged, of all under-sized flat-fish. Even our shore fishermen nowadays recognise this debt of honour to posterity, and no longer conduct their operations, as some of us can remember thirty years ago, on the wasteful and unsportsmanlike principle preached by La Fontaine in that odious fable, "Le Pêcheur et le petit Poisson," in which an angler refuses to put back a little carp because he is uncertain that he will catch it again when it has grown!

Those who cherish the erroneous belief that our sea fish are plentiful and varied only in deep water may find difficulty in crediting the presence of so many as fifteen or twenty kinds within a hundred yards of the beach; but an afternoon spent with a shore-sean would dispel all their doubts, and in addition to the edible kinds, which are in the majority, there is often some quaint treasure-trove by which the naturalist's quiet eye is likely to set higher store than by all the rest.

In principle, this ground-sean bears a family resemblance to the trawl, with the practical difference that, whereas the trawl is dragged over the bed of the sea in deep water by either sail or steam power, the sean, enclosing a fixed area, is hauled inshore by hand, only the very heaviest salmon-seans being operated with the aid of winches. A small party of half a dozen amateurs should find a sean of fifty fathoms well suited to their sport. A longer net would prove too cumbersome for enjoyment, and a shorter would not do the work required of it. Corks are fixed along the upper rope of the net, and leads along the lower, so that between the two the meshes stretch rigid like a

wall, the lower edge pressing close to the sand and frustrating the wiles of flat-fish bent on escaping. A strong ash pole is affixed to either end of the net, and it is the purpose of these poles to keep it in position while fishing, just as the boards of an otter trawl effect the same object in the tow of a steamer.

In the case of the large pilchard-seans at St. Ives, two boats have to be employed with each, but a small net as described above can be worked from the beach with one, and the exact method of spreading (or "shooting") it is as follows. One end of the rope is left in charge of a man on the beach, and the boat, with the net piled in the stern, is then rowed out in a wide circle, one of the crew paying out net over the stern, so that the other end is brought back to land some fifty yards from the starting point. Meanwhile the man on shore at the other end has already begun to haul in very slowly, and the same is done by those who seize the end last brought ashore. Should the sea bed be so rough as to entail any risk of the net catching in the rocks, one man usually remains in the boat, which he paddles back along the line of the rope, freeing the net the moment he sees this to be necessary. All that now remains is to haul the net ashore, slowly and evenly, as indicated by the middle bunch of corks on the top rope, which should always be kept in the centre of the arc; this is particularly important when a shoal of mackerel is enclosed, as these fish are cunning above all others at making good their escape through the least loophole.

Many a time I have helped in this way to fill a large box with mackerel, plaice, dabs, skate, pilchard, gurnard, bass, pollack, grey mullet, herring, and shad, and it is this variety that lends to such shore netting its abiding charm, and redeems it from the monotony inseparable from the uniform catch of the drift-nets, with their harvest of herring, pilchard, or mackerel only. There is, however, one little shore fish that is sure to be in evidence, and that is the weever, which originally, no doubt, inspired the old Latin proverb, "*Piscator ictus sapiet*," a venomous little stinging fish that should unflinching be trodden underfoot.

The critical moment at which the purse of the sean comes through the breaking wave, to be hauled high and dry on the beach, is fraught with uncertainty, and is worth all the hard work that went before. Various are the delights of fishing, and no angler would dream of setting this one moment of hazard against the protracted joy of playing a good fish on the rod. Yet there are days on which the fish will not bite, and on such as these there are few more agreeable ways of making a pleasure of toil than by joining a seaning party.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany have graciously accepted copies from the author of Mrs. Philip Martineau's new book, "*The Herbaceous Garden*," just published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

Indian Reviews

IN the *Moslem World* (London) for July the editor appeals for sympathy with Turkey, in recognition of common brotherhood, emphasising the sociological note in foreign missions rather than the theological. On political grounds some may admit this, but Muhammadans always proclaim their religion, and other nations cannot support the solidarity of Islam. Certain Shiah additions to the Koran are pronounced forgeries. If true, they would have proved the domination of the Shiite over the Sunnite creed. The worship of saints, often described as marabouts in North Africa, is stated to be a general practice, attributed to superstitions borrowed from primitive paganism; unrestrained violence and fanaticism lead to canonisation. The history of the Rosary in Islam is curious. It began in India, and came to the Christians of the Eastern Roman Empire. Islam adopted it, with many other Christian practices. In portions of India, Islam is said to gain converts from Hinduism, and dispute progress with Christianity. The view that Hinduism yields to science and thought ignores the historical tenacity of Brahmanism. The articles on Islam in Madagascar, the Clock, the Calendar, and the Koran, and the Zar in Egypt, are informing. The Zar is a word of unknown origin. There are Zar spirits, Zar exorcisms, known only in certain Moslem lands. The Prophet's view of religious war and its necessity is contrasted with the Christian condemnation of war. The book reviews and "current topics" keep up to date. The jubilation over the acquisition of Adrianople by Bulgaria was premature.

The *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) for May 28 to June 25 apparently suffered from the hot weather and reaction after the busy season. The editor proposes that representative Indians should tour through the United Kingdom and plead the cause of India, explaining the resolutions of the Indian National Congress. The representatives would soon be addressing empty benches. An article on forest administration, directed against forests being regarded as revenue-paying, is not convincing. The exclusion of Indians from self-governing dominions always furnishes a grievance which the Imperial Government cannot redress. The desire to see co-operation extended to other industries, and not limited to money-lending, is laudable. Indians can work together if they choose. This journal always harps on the impossibility of maintaining a gold standard without a gold currency. The Finance Commission must deal with this. The Editor wisely deprecates intermarriage between Europeans and Indians; the successful cases are few. The Nicholson Committee's report being still kept secret, another plea for military economy is advanced. Lord Sydenham's advice to British officers to do right and disregard the discontented thousands when opposed to the millions is challenged on the ground that the educated classes (the discontented) represent the general community. This is incorrect. Co-operation in sanitary measures is

advocated; but Indians dislike sanitation. The Mysore Government has given further evidence of enlightened policy in education and industrial development. Indian views on the liquor question always betray a limited knowledge of the subject.

The *Rajput Herald* (London) is interesting, as always: no Indian journal is better edited. It urges the advancement of Rajputana, Indians, and Imperialism: the editor clearly perceives that British rule is essential. Indian journals weary by constantly discussing a few hackneyed questions: this journal is opposed to "simultaneous examinations," giving reasons. But enough demands are formulated to wreck all efficiency in Indian administration. "Indians in South Africa" is another recurrent theme on which critics love to impale the English Government in a dilemma: no compromise has been discovered. The editor suggests a swift retaliation by the exclusion of Colonials from all appointments in India, the stoppage of their entry and trade with India. The case is injured by the advocacy of so impracticable a policy. The laudatory articles on Mrs. Besant and Maharaja Holkar deal with very different personalities. The former, as president of the Indian Theosophical Society, has a considerable following. The Maharaja has wisely selected a very able Prime Minister. The rambling paper on Afghanistan contains nothing new. The British policy towards any ruling Amir has been simple—to maintain friendly relations, strengthen him against invasion, preserve his independence, and not to acquire the country for England. Indian Nationalism is said to be understood differently, according as the term is used by moderates or extremists. A writer defines it as "the cohesive power that forms a nation out of several races inhabiting a country." Indian Nationalism is described as having been "resurrected by British rule." The aim is to be a self-governing country "under the protection of the powerful arms of Britain." An educationist suggests village committees of prominent villagers, with Brahman priests as the teachers. Many difficulties are ignored. The statement that the constitution of an Indian State is strictly democratic is astonishing.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta) for May and June shows the progress of education in various aspects. Money is the great want everywhere—and teachers: handsome donations for special purposes, such as libraries, are welcome. The framing of a scheme for a University at Patna is before a Committee. The schemes for the Hindu University at Benares and the Muhammadan University at Aligarh falter for want of payments. Out of 80 lakhs promised for the former, only 21 have been received, and only 25 out of 46 for the latter. The Government rightly insists on adequate funds and certain sound conditions as essential preliminaries before foundation. The efforts made in some quarters to push the Indian languages for study and examinations will hardly be successful. A tabular statement shows only 14 Indians to 27 Europeans in the Educational Services in India. Lord Islington's Commission

will surely note these figures, but the real question is the maintenance of a high standard of instruction. At the Calcutta University nearly 7,000 students succeeded in matriculating, and 2,125 in the Intermediate Examination in Arts. What can their prospects of future employment be? Some Indian students have prospered at Harvard, but why should they go there at all? The Mysore schemes for improvement in industrial and technical education include a technical institute and mechanical and commercial schools. A long report on the industrial development of Japan shows what Oriental nations can do. Two professors for a commercial college in Bombay have been sanctioned. The opening up of careers other than literary must somehow be effected.

The *Modern World* (Madras) for May purports to review the problems of the world, and largely succeeds. At least fifty are discussed, covering the whole range of politics and sociology. The editor, presumably the author of the opening notes and of a paper on the Budget, criticises the supremacy of the Government in finance, and urges that it must be controlled by the country and, to be national, must be prepared by the nation. The idea of a nation preparing a Budget, which must be the work of specialists, is ludicrous. The numerous signed articles include Americans as contributors. The reviews are not signed. This journal is very like other Indian periodicals in its advocacy of the Indian cause, and questioning everything official and British. Much cannot be given for the six annas monthly. But the journal has reached a fourth volume, and deserves encouragement to improve its contents.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* (1912) is always interesting. The papers on Bihari incantations, certain skulls, the folklore about the peacock, the cuckoo, the origin of Sati, and certain Parsi ceremonies contain much information which has its value, though not political.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for June has the usual variety of contents. An article on co-education (of boys and girls) in America is instructive. Many advantages apparently accrue from it, and no disadvantages have been discovered, so far as the instruction goes. But it is not denied that some check should be placed upon the amount of dissipation thought desirable by the young women. The system is said to lead to many students marrying. The effort now being made in various ways to raise the depressed classes in India is laudable: some account is given of the operations undertaken for the purpose at Mangalore. A colonisation scheme has been started, and industries commenced. The civilisation of the pariah will require careful handling: it is a hopeful sign that the attempt should be made. A writer observes truly that "simply through the medium of commerce the British nation is to-day the supreme Government of India." He is right, also, "that factories and manufacturers should be multiplied a thousand times more than what we have got to-day." These principles are sound enough, but

the practical application of Indian capital in these directions is more required than theoretical essays. An article on "Plague Inoculation," by Mr. Kibe, gives excellent information and the best advice on anti-plague measures to be adopted. The nature of the system of inoculation is stated in detail. The prejudices and ignorance of the people are difficult to encounter; only perpetual insistence and the evidence of the results attained are likely to lead to success: progress is being made, though plague still recurs, varying in its virulence according to the seasons.

The Colonial Office and Zanzibar

THE news that the administration of Zanzibar and the sister Island of Pemba has passed from the Foreign to the Colonial Office marks the outward and visible sign of the final extinction of the Arab Empire in East Africa.

The Arab domination of Zanzibar and East Africa was always shadowy until the time of the great Sultan Seyyid Said, who established his capital in the Island. He conceived the idea of planting clove trees there, with the result that these have ever since been its chief trade.

Scarcely, however, had he established his great Empire than it commenced to disintegrate. At his death in the early 'fifties Seyyid Said left Zanzibar and the mainland territories to his second son, and Muscat, with the adjoining coast, to his eldest. The two brothers immediately commenced to quarrel, and submitted their differences to the Viceroy of India; thus England began to take an interest in the affairs of the Island. Its subsequent history shows a steady increase of European influence, and a corresponding decline in the power of the Sultans. For many years Zanzibar was the centre of the slave trade which was carried on so actively in those regions, and the present English cathedral is appropriately built on the site of the old slave market.

That the English navy paid a heavy tribute in lives to their successful repression of this traffic is proved by the existence of an island in the harbour which contains a cemetery full of the graves of British officers and bluejackets who were killed or died of disease in the prosecution of their humane work.

The Times, in a recent leading article, quoted Livingstone as having said that the capital should be called "Stinkbar" rather than Zanzibar, but when the great Missionary uttered these words he must have been suffering from a severe fit of tropical depression.

To the traveller wearied by the long journey down the arid African coast, Zanzibar appears as a green oasis, and even in the hottest weather it retains its verdant colour. The harbour is dotted with little islets, and the big white sails of the odd-looking dhows which dodge about among them add picturesqueness to the scene. In the evening when the sun sets over towards the mainland in a great red ball of flame, the

whole sky from horizon to horizon is flecked with little clouds which seem to possess all the colours of the rainbow, while the sea shimmers like a perfect opal.

The streets of the town are narrow, with people of every race jostling one another, and the feature of the place is the great doors with their fine carving which give entrance to the larger houses. In this year of the Livingstone centenary it is interesting to record that when he died, far up in Central Africa, his remains were brought down to Zanzibar by Père Etienne, a priest of the Roman Catholic mission there, at great personal risk and with much difficulty. This gallant old man is still living in the island, and it would be a graceful act if the British Government were to make some tardy recognition of his action. The only person who has officially recognised this act of one Christian towards another was the late Sultan of Zanzibar (himself a Muhamadan), who bestowed a decoration upon Père Etienne.

The first Power to make a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar and appoint a Consul was the United States of America. Their early interest arose from the fact that it was a favourite port of call for the American whalers, who found a profitable hunting ground off the Benadir coast. Geographically speaking, Zanzibar should belong to Germany rather than to Great Britain, for it commands their coast, and the most important part of its trade is largely in German hands.

The future of the islands depends chiefly upon a sane and economical system of administration.

At the present moment there is an absurd number of white officials who do very little work but draw considerable salaries. A man who has been twenty-five years in the service of the Zanzibar Government once remarked that a man and a boy could administer the islands provided that the boy was a good one. He was not very far wrong.

An earnest attempt should be made to have the heavy export duty on cloves which is crippling the chief industry reduced, and the Government should immediately see to the planting of great numbers of cocoanut trees, for there is no place in the world where cocoanuts are so large or where the trees produce so many nuts, and their cultivation is one of which the possibilities are only now beginning to be realised.

There are no striking buildings in the town of Zanzibar, and the old palace was destroyed at the time of the bombardment in 1896. This took place in consequence of the attempt of a claimant, Seyyid Khalid, to seize the throne. He had obtained possession of the town and palace, when by an extraordinary coincidence, the whole of the Cape Squadron, under the command of Admiral Rawson, assembled in the harbour quite unexpectedly.

The dragoman at the French Consulate was largely responsible for the resistance of Seyyid Khalid to the demands of the English Government, for he assured the claimant that the English would not dare to open fire upon him in view of the opposition of the other Great Powers. On the day of the bombardment, the claimant, accom-

panied by a concourse of gaily dressed Arab chiefs, came out on the balcony of the palace facing the fleet. At eleven o'clock the first gun was fired and the stately assembly became a mass of terrified fugitives.

Nearly six hundred Arabs and natives were killed and wounded, and these heavy casualties were due to the fact that the flag could not be hauled down in token of surrender owing to the flag-staff being out in the centre of an open square, so that all who attempted to reach it were killed. It was finally shot away and then firing ceased.

Seyyid Hamoud succeeded to the Sultanate and died in 1902, being followed by his son Seyyid Ali, but the effects of a European education upon the latter were disastrous, and he was compelled to abdicate two years ago when his brother-in-law was appointed Sultan. The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that the present Sultan is a boy of eight. This is quite inaccurate; he is a man of thirty-eight. Though small and little known the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba are a valuable possession of the British Empire by reason of their great productiveness and their geographical position, commanding as they do the trade route down the African coast.

GEORGE FRANCIS.

The Magazines

ONE wonders whatever induced the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* to include an article on Poetry, entitled "Does it Rhyme?" by the Right Hon. Viscount Harberton. The present writer has been doomed to read a good deal of writing, both of that which has and that which has not come into print; and he has never yet seen anything comparable to it for incompetence. That the Right Hon. Viscount has not the vaguest notion of what Poetry might mean, is only too apparent. But what shall be said of a man who, after quotations from Shelley to suggest that he does not rhyme correctly, adds such comments as these: "Groans!" "Help!" "Quite so, Percy Bysshe Shelley, thank you. And I'm not taking any"; "I should suppose that the author was a 'K'nut'"; and who, at the end of an article conducted like a tap-room conversation, concludes thus: "Waiter, remove these poets and replace them in the library, top shelf, next 'The Conquest of Peru.' And if you hear any member saying I talk like a poet, *Unberufen* (touch wood). It is false"! It is only too patent that he neither talks nor thinks like a poet; and we are certainly surprised that vulgarity of this kind should find its way into a magazine of the standing of the *Nineteenth Century*. In the same magazine there is a charming article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn entitled "Mr. Balfour and the House of Commons"; it is sympathetic as well as discriminatory. The best contribution in the number, however, is by Mr. Geoffrey Cookson. He puts the question, "Why is there Unrest in India?" and, while examining the causes, happens to lay bare an aspect of the perennial antagonism of God and Mam-

mon that should provide very thoughtful reading. Many will disagree with his conclusions; yet the conclusions are an incidental part of the article. It is in his analysis of differing psychologies, with their display in differing ideals of life, that his article finds its undeniable strength. Bishop Frodsham writes upon "Tropical Australia: A Great Colonising Experiment."

In the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Boas deals with the question of "Hamlet at Oxford: New Facts and Suggestions." It is one of those articles that many readers are careful to file, because of the facts they give. Yet the argument that the First Quarto of Hamlet was probably the version of the play as written by Shakespeare some time between 1592 and 1594, because there is no decided proof that Shakespeare's company travelled out of London in 1601, while interesting, is difficult to maintain on both sides. Edward Alleyn was the chief actor and director of the company which, during the years 1592-1594, worked under the patronage of Lord Strange, and there is no hint that anyone acted Hamlet but Burbage. So, too, because no definite evidence of travel during 1601 can be found, it must not be assumed that there was no travel. The companies were frequently going on tour. And the evidence from "The Return from Parnassus," joined to the other general tendency, supports at least the idea of a later tour than 1594. Yet Mr. Boas quotes papers and accounts that give his article great value for reference and use. Mr. Robb Lawson writes an understanding and careful article on "Ibsen the Individualist," in which Ibsen's spiritual history as an uncompromising individualist throughout the whole of his life is well displayed. It is also made clear, what Ibsen himself stoutly avowed, that in all his dramatic work he depicted himself and portrayed his personal life as seen in the crises through which he passed. Mr. S. M. Ellis, who is a kinsman of Meredith, deals with "George Meredith's Letters." His privileged position enables him to quote from letters that have not been revealed, and to touch upon other matter than that included by the "Letters." This is the chief value of the article, which otherwise is only cursory, besides being most inadequate in its treatment of the letters themselves. An article that makes excellent reading is that by Mr. Franklin Peterson upon "Heine on Music and Musicians." Heine himself is quoted from fully and very pointedly. Some of the quotations, indeed, are full of the acid quality of Heine's wit. Mr. Frederick Lawton writes upon "Emile-Antoine Bourdelle"; and it is to be hoped that his article will introduce many to the work of a man who is all too little known.

In the *English Review* appears an essay by M. Anatole France on the bellicose tendencies of the Anglo-French Entente, entitled "Pour la Paix." M. France takes an attitude very inimical to M. Poincaré, yet there seems to be a feeling throughout the article that M. France intends it to read more severely than it does. We in England are presumably inured to fiercer controversial methods. The importance of the article, com-

ing from whom it does, is indisputable. Another noteworthy name in European literature included in the same number is that of Turgenev, whose *conte* "In Front of the Guillotine," appears for the first time in English. It is very powerful; and there should be a large number of readers to purchase the magazine for that alone—in spite of their desire to see an English review chiefly occupied with English writers. That latter observation, however, does not apply to Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose one-act play, "One Day More," is printed for the first time. As a play it loses the element of atmosphere that Mr. Conrad can so subtly give his situations; and it confirms the conviction that the direct method of relation is his strength. Mr. Austin Harrison himself writes upon "The Poetry of Francis Thompson." While recognising the essential greatness of that poetry, Mr. Harrison deplores, what many others also deplore, its preoccupation with theological dogma purely as such. Nevertheless, in quoting such words as "winepress, robe, Paradisal, Floor, *incognita*," it cannot strictly be said that they are "the windy phraseology of priesthood." None of them is pre-eminent, and most of them are not even remotely, priestly of origin or use. Which, in fact, is a symbol: for Thompson's attitude, carefully examined, has often only the superficial appearance of ecclesiasticism. The development of this thought proceeds beneath this appearance quite independently. The poem, "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster" is an example of that.

The *Cornhill* contains an admirable article by Dr. Kenyon entitled "Of the Browning MSS." Dr. Kenyon, as the editor of the Centenary Edition of Browning, has an unrivalled authority on his subject. Incidentally one gets some of Elizabeth Barrett's criticism of Robert Browning's versification; and it is here that the chief interest of the article emerges. The article is a valuable one, taking its occasion from the recent Browning sale. Another essay of literary interest, that also throws side-lights on the making of literature, is "Fanny Burney at Norbury Park," by Sir Henry Lucy. Both these are illuminating, and free of all suspicion of having been written round a subject. That particular quality cannot altogether be claimed for Dr. Squire Sprigge's contribution on "The Medicine of Dickens"; yet it is interesting enough. There is a good article in *Mind* by Mr. J. W. Scott, on "The Pessimism of Creative Evolution," in which, however, the word "pessimism" is not to be taken as meaning more than its purely philosophical connotation. Two other excellent things are "The Problem of Freedom After Aristotle," by Mr. G. S. Brett, and "Recent Criticism of Kant's Theory of Knowledge," by Mr. Dawes Hicks. The *Eugenics Review* contains matter that will interest those who may disagree profoundly with the main point of view they enounce. Such is "The Influence of Disease upon Racial Efficiency and Survival," by Professor J. A. Lindsay; and another is the Hon. H. Onslow's examination of the "French Commission on Depopulation."

The *Quarterly Review* is one of the best numbers we have seen, and the essay which stands out from the

rest as a superb example of clear thinking and lucid expression is that by Ethel Colquhoun on "Modern Feminism and Sex-Antagonism." Few people, in twenty-three pages, could explain this theme with such capability and impartiality as the author. Mr. C. L. Graves discusses with genial wisdom "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," ranging from Lever and Lover—we hesitate to say Lover and Lever—to the delightful "Birmingham" stories. An illustrated article on "The Individual Atom," by W. C. D. Whetham, deals with a subject difficult to expound in non-technical terms, and is highly successful. Mr. Rabindranath Tagore—of whom we are getting very tired—raises some enthusiasm in the soul of a literary essayist, and the poetry of the new Laureate is treated critically by John Bailey; competently, too, but with an enthusiasm that seems at times to run a little wild. There is a fine, dignified tribute to the late Mr. George Wyndham by "W. W.," and the other contributions, including a strong one entitled "Dramatic Construction and the Need for a New Technique," by W. L. Courtney, are of great interest.

Harper's Magazine for August scores, as usual, in the matter of beautiful illustrations, and the story that has chiefly pleased us is "The Critical Bookstore," by W. D. Howells—a pretty blend of romance and book-selling. Many attractive items compose the *Windsor Magazine*—articles on "The Art of Quick Scoring," "Famous Pianists," "The Wordsworth Country," are good, and the short stories are just the thing for the holiday season.

The first number of *The Gourmet*, "A Monthly Review of the Science and Art of Gastronomy," is more interesting than might be anticipated. Frank Harris writes on "The Two Great Schools of Cooking"; there are good articles "Concerning Cigars," "Down with Hot Banquets," and many other capital contributions. The printing and the illustrations are of the best. Turning to quite other matters, the first number of the fourth volume of *The Librarian* has a special essay on "Library Bindings"; prizes are offered for the best articles on this and kindred subjects. The issue is a good one and has much that concerns literary readers, apart from its particular province.

Notes for Collectors

OLD CHELSEA TOYS

NOTWITHSTANDING the oft-stated fact that the pseudo-porcelains of the eighteenth century village of Chelsea have been collected, catalogued, and passed either into the most famous museums or to the cabinets of connoisseurs too devoted to this cult to allow their specimens to appear on the market, here and there one may happen on a good example unrecognised and unappreciated.

That some people interested in the subject do not trouble too greatly to inform themselves on the matter is occasionally shown us by courteous and kindly correspondents. Such a one asks us if *bonbonnières* and

patch-boxes were produced at Chelsea after 1780. The chronological table, as set forth in Sir William Bemsrose's book on the subject, goes far to answer this question.

1730. Works supposed to have been established about this date. Carried on by Gouyn, then by Nicholas Sprimont.

1745. Earliest dated specimen known.

1756. Works partially or altogether closed until 1758.

1759. Sprimont leases Lawrence Street site, Chelsea, for fourteen years; he has previously made porcelain at that address.

1769. Sprimont sells the lease and works to James Cox. In the next year Cox sells the lease and works to William Duesbury and John Heath, of Derby.

1784. The works are closed, and models, moulds, and some of the workmen removed to Derby.

Thus it will be seen that the small boxes and *bonbonnières*, which are sought after almost as ardently as the best of the Chelsea figures, were mainly produced between the years 1759 and 1784, although, of course, for some years later William Duesbury's work at Derby, which is called Chelsea-Derby, shows much of the old character. The Chelsea toys and trinkets were produced in enormous quantities, and were very popular with the world of Georgian fashion. Many small boxes, such as our correspondent mentions, were doubtless sold with simple painted decorations much as they left the factory, but a far larger proportion were either sent across the river to Battersea to be decorated with the famous enamel of those works, or handed to jewellers, when they were often mounted in gold and gilt, or elaborated with inset moss-agates—then the pretty taste of society—or other stones of more or less value. Scent-bottles, decorated with exotic birds and the sweetest sentiments, or in the form of a cupid, with a tree in blossom and the phrase "Point de roses sans espines," were much in vogue. Cane handles, of fifty different shapes—now copied in a hard porcelain unlike the soft paste of the original Chelsea—and charms of various kinds were bought in very large quantities by persons of quality as gifts for those it was especially desired to honour. Many were the polite and gifted artists who delighted to add to the lustre of the Chelsea productions. George Moser, the father of the lady who was a member of the Royal Academy, and who late in life had a rather complicated intrigue with Cosway, the miniaturist, must have been employed on such toys, for George III often bought from him. Goldsmiths mentioned these things and the *bonbonnières*, in their advertisements, and, indeed, the vogue, which had been started in Dresden and Paris, became very marked in England during the earlier part of George III's long reign, for that King would rather patronise home productions—provided they were not too costly—than deal with the objects made at Meissen or at Sèvres. Thus about 1775 were the golden days of Chelsea toys. Many must remain to us in England, but as each year produces more and more sales from those store-houses of the eighteenth century applied

arts, the old country houses, these objects drift into the museums of the world, where, beneath the somewhat unsympathetic air-tight cases, they increase in historic value and lose in sentimental interest.

EGAN MEW.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

ON Wednesday, the 6th, the House was in buoyant good humour. Queenie Gerald's ledger and what it contained was again the subject of several questions. In raids on disorderly houses it has never been the custom in police circles to give away the names of visitors, and the Government evidently do not intend to do so now if they can help it, although it is whispered in the smoking-rooms that, if they did, it would cause a sensation. Ellis Griffith would not budge. When pressed, he refused to give the names of the men by whom letters were sent to the lady, because innocent persons might be dragged into the case, and there was no evidence in them to suggest that the writers could be prosecuted for inciting to procure young girls for large sums of money.

Little Wedgwood Benn made a very happy repartee which is worth recording. It is alleged that five Unionists during the last snap hid in one of the bathrooms. Swift MacNeill, in allusion to this, asked a sham serious question as to whether the deficiency in bathroom accommodation could not be rectified. Wedgwood, his little eyes dancing with merriment, promised to consider it. "Was not there as great confusion in the bathroom as at the Pool of Siloam?" pursued Swift, who prides himself on his knowledge of the Scriptures, although on this occasion he must have meant the Pool of Bethesda. As quick as lightning Wedgwood answered: "Ah, but in this case there was no miracle!" The aptness, if I may so call it, of the *non sequitur* pleased the House, and they cheered the little man. Lonsdale said significantly to Swift that, at any rate, there was no Nationalist amongst them wanting a bath, which some of them resented.

After this we settled down to the maternity benefit of the Insurance Act. A wife, on her confinement, is immediately entitled to 30s., and the question is—who should receive it? It is clear that the wife cannot, as she is usually in bed. Should the husband? The House was sharply divided. The Suffragists and the Nationalists wanted the woman to have it; the Labour Party wanted the husband to receive it on her behalf. Instances were brought up of cases where husbands had spent the money in riotous living, in running away with another lady, and even in buying a gramophone—evidently with the idea of drowning the cries of the little stranger. The Government took the Whips off, and let the House vote as it liked. This was quite a usual practice when I entered the House; but the whole proceedings of recent years have become so mechanical that members have lost the power of deciding for themselves. They sit about in the smoking-rooms and on

the Terrace, and never trouble about divisions until they arrive at the doors, when they ask their Whips, "Ayes or Noes?" and vote accordingly.

Here there was no one to ask, so, when we divided on Roberts the Labour man's amendment, to the effect that the husband could obtain the money on producing his wife's receipt, the amateur Whips of both parties seized on the incoming members and tried to force them by cajolery and even force in the lobbies which held their supporters. "This way for the women!" said one. "This way for the husbands!" shouted another.

Little Samuel, the oil millionaire, nearly got torn in half, and, as it was, scores of people got into the wrong lobbies. The amendment was carried by nine, amid loud cheers, and it was thus decided that, if a husband presented a receipt, he could get the money.

Then Lord Robert, who is a "woman's" man, moved a further amendment that the husband could only give a receipt if authorised by his wife. There was another division, and this time all the people who voted in the wrong lobby thought they would right things by voting in the other, which resulted in practically reversing the former verdict.

Personally I think we are too fond of legislating for the working man and not trusting him. It will cause a lot of trouble and possible delay, and in the large majority of cases the husband will use the money properly in the home to defray the extra expenses which the sum is intended to meet.

On Thursday McKenna thought it would be wise to be jocular over the Queenie Gerald case. In answer to a further volley of questions he declared he had looked through the lady's diary, her famous ledger, her correspondence, and other documents, and had not discovered the name of a single Cabinet Minister or member of the Government. This reservation naturally evoked the further inquiry: "Does that apply to every member of the House of Commons?" McKenna paused, and the House leaned forward to listen. "Yes, it applied to all, with the exception of one whose name appears on business grounds." There were general exclamations of interest. "Let me explain," said McKenna. "It appears that this person had investments on the Stock Exchange, and she may have been doing business with this gentleman; his name appears among a list of brokers." And now every stockbroker in the House is being asked about it.

After this, the affairs of our great Indian Empire were discussed. Montagu made a very lucid statement: there was a capital surplus which was to be devoted to sanitation and education. He deprecated the action of some members in stirring up unrest by ill-considered speeches. The case of Sir John Hewett's action over the Sitapur execution caused a large amount of discussion. Bonar Law strongly disapproved of the action of Lord Crewe in condemning the Governor for doing what he was told to do. Ronaldshay spoke with scorn of the tendency of the House to assume that the Indian civilian was always in the wrong. John Dillon said Sir John's action in defending himself by means of a printed statement was unprecedented in a Civil

Servant, and that he was glad it was now established that never again would men be hanged without being allowed the opportunity of presenting an appeal for mercy.

Rees, an old Civil Servant, said the action of the Secretary of State for India was keenly resented by the Civil Service in India. Montagu in his reply said that, when Lord Crewe stated that he thought Sir John had committed an error of judgment, the last thing he intended was to censure him; but he thought the Governor would have acted more wisely if he had exercised his discretion and postponed the execution. It is so easy for us, thousands of miles away, without all the facts before us, to pass judgment on a man; at any rate, Sir John Hewett suffers in company with Clive and Hastings and others who built up our Indian Empire.

People seemed to expect that the Marconi debate would be exciting. How could it be? It was deliberately put down for a Friday, and the Government had made it quite clear that, whatever arguments were adduced, they meant to carry out the agreement with the Marconi Company and no other. At times the debate was highly technical. Two strong Liberals who know what they are talking about denounced the contract for all it was worth.

Bonar Law had got up his facts with the greatest care. He compared prices of material a year ago and now, and showed there had been no loss. He complained that no independent body had examined the contract, and declared that under the terms it would be impossible for the State to make any profit.

Asquith wound up the debate in a skilful speech. It was what is called by lawyers a speech of "confession and avoidance." He admitted a great many of the criticisms, but held that the Marconi proposition was the best obtainable.

Lord Robert Cecil's amendment disagreeing with the contract was beaten by 81. By the help of the Nationalists and the Labour men, the substantive motion to approve the contract was secured by a majority of 72—a significant drop.

On Monday the Government got into a muddle. It is the old story of trying to get a quart into a pint pot. They have been so busy with Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, etc., etc., that they have no time for the ordinary routine business of the year, such as finance, or opportunity to correct the sloppy and slovenly legislation that has gone before. The Revenue Bill is of the latter character; it is designed to remedy some of the more glaring errors of the 1909 Budget. Lloyd George has discovered that it is not only rich men who own land but that thousands of little people and the great friendly societies in which they invest their savings also possess land, and they have been making their voices heard, and their votes have been felt at recent by-elections.

As it was an ameliorating Bill, the Opposition welcomed it, but they objected to Clause 11. It is too complicated to describe here, but it tells the Commissioners how land ought to be valued in order to

ascertain its real value—whatever that may mean—as distinct from agricultural value, and how allowances should be made for improvements effected during the last thirty years. The Tories saw far-reaching principles involved in this, and they asked that it should be dropped until they had proper time to consider it next year. Lloyd George agreed.

The Radical recalcitrants below the gangway are always suspicious when the Front Benches agree, and Dundas White unexpectedly moved to report progress, so that Lloyd George "might consider himself." All the Single Taxers rallied round Dundas White; they declared that they would rather smash the Bill than that Clause 11 should be dropped. It was not a question of dropping it; it was a question of strengthening it and making it more drastic, for in their opinion it did not go half far enough! Austen Chamberlain accused the group of blackmailing the House by their threats. Dundas White wanted to know if this were in order, and on the principle that a group has neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked, Mr. Whitley said it was in order if applied collectively and not to an individual. The row waxed fast and furious. Lloyd George did not quite know what to do. Cawley and Chiozza Money, both unimpeachable Radicals, implored the little group to give way. Handel Booth cut the Gordian knot by moving the closure. The rebels dared not resist, so they submitted; but they had their way to some extent, for the debate was adjourned and stood over until the next day.

We then went on to the Finance Bill, and discussed a proposal to give a preference to Indian over China tea. Lloyd George, as a Little Englander, naturally sided with China. "That would be penalising her," he said. So the Liberals voted against what would mean cheaper tea for the working classes, and Byles seemed to think that a free breakfast table was further off than ever.

Later on, the separation of husbands' and wives' incomes for taxation purposes was discussed; but Lloyd George, who called it a hardy annual, bluntly said he could not afford it; it would cost too much.

On Tuesday, Sir Edward Grey made an interesting statement about the recently signed peace in the Balkans. The Powers have not acted in a very dignified way; they have threatened, and their threats have been treated with contempt. However, it is refreshing to find that they have acted together and unselfishly, no one trying to "get anything out of it" for himself.

The Little Englanders sided with the Christian Balkan States—all the atrocities recently attributed to them were untrue, or, at least, grossly exaggerated, whilst Turkey was as wicked as ever.

Grey did not side with them, but the old traditional support England used to give to Turkey has disappeared. In effect he said that we cannot undertake the duty of protecting Muhammadan Powers outside the British dominions from the consequences of their own actions.

Bonar Law warmly congratulated Grey on his management of the European Concert, although he differed as to the treatment of Turkey.

In the evening the case of Queenie Gerald again came to the fore. Keir Hardie made a very solemn speech, implying that McKenna was shielding the criminal rich, but he had no real information to go on, and McKenna effectually blew the story to pieces. Names did appear in the diary, but those who bore them need not be afraid; he was not going to give them away on the mere evidence of the names being found in the handwriting of a keeper of a disorderly house.

Lloyd George later on announced that the Revenue Bill would be dropped; he could not get it through unless it were treated as non-contentious. As it was, it had grown most contentious. The rank and file of the Radical Party are very sorry, and blame the Single Taxers. They recognise that the sore of the 1909 Budget remains open and unredressed, and is doing infinite harm throughout the country.

The House sat until 3.20 a.m. "Only three more days, thank goodness!" the members yawned, as they went out.

Notes and News

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., have just ready a new and cheaper edition of "Huet's Guide to Belgium and North France," edited by A. D. Vandam, which is of special interest to visitors to the Ghent Exhibition. This volume of 230 pages claims to be a complete guide to the sights and treasures of the cities and the scenery of that interesting part of the Continent.

Messrs. Shepherd Bros. beg to announce that owing to the termination of their lease and other circumstances, they have decided to retire at Michaelmas next from the Fine Art business which they have so long carried on at 27, King Street, St. James's Square, London, S.W. In making this announcement, which they do with regret, they tender their sincere thanks to those kind and numerous Art patrons who have for so many years honoured with their presence and support Messrs. Shepherd's Annual Exhibitions.

The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, which will shortly be resumed for the nineteenth consecutive season under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood and the management of Mr. Robert Newman, are not only remarkable for the variety and quality of the music provided, but particularly for the extremely low figure at which the price of admission and tickets for seats are obtainable. The season starts on Saturday, the 16th, continuing nightly until October 25th, and for sixty concerts the subscription prices work out at about 4d. a night for promenaders, 1s. a night for balcony seats, and 1s. 6d. a night for numbered and reserved seats in the grand circle, with the additional convenience that all season tickets are transferable.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to lend to the Victoria and Albert Museum a model (made by Indian craftsmen) of the Pavilion used by the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress during the concluding portion of the Coronation ceremony at Delhi, on December 12,

1911. The model includes reproductions, also to scale, of the solid silver-gilt thrones on which their Majesties sat during the reading of the Proclamation, in English and in Urdu, by Delhi Herald, General Peyton, and the Assistant Herald. The original Greater Throne Pavilion, with its conspicuous gold dome and marble and gilded pillars, raised on a pyramid of platforms, formed the central object in the vast Durbar Amphitheatre. To its throne-dais their Majesties proceeded on leaving the Lesser Throne Pavilion, where homage had been tendered by the feudatory princes of India. This object, which was recently presented to his Majesty by H.E. the Viceroy of India, is exhibited in Room 1 of the Indian Section (entrance in the Imperial Institute Road), where it will remain on view until further notice.

The Visual Instruction Committee of the Colonial Office has issued a book of lantern lectures on Canada and Newfoundland, the fourth of a series for which a special fund was raised by a committee of ladies presided over by the Countess of Dudley and under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, then Princess of Wales. The book, which is illustrated by maps and views, is being published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, and the slides, as well as those previously issued by the Committee, may be bought or hired from Messrs. Newton and Company, of 37, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. The Committee will next issue a set of lectures on South Africa, and lectures on the West Indies are being prepared. Books on India, the Sea Road to the East, and Australasia have already been published.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE POLICY OF SIR EDWARD GREY

ONCE again all parties in the House of Commons have joined in congratulating Sir Edward Grey upon the success of his policy throughout the protracted crisis in the Near East. To anyone who has followed attentively the periodic pronouncements of the Foreign Secretary, it must be plain that the secret of the remarkable success which he has achieved is to be found in his ability to describe a situation with perfect candour, and yet without giving offence in any quarter whatsoever. The simplicity of the language which he employs upon all occasions, and the directness of thought which he conveys, may be said to constitute a model vehicle of expression for diplomatists in difficulties. In short, Sir Edward Grey's utterances carry the conviction that he is courageously telling the truth, and for the rest his choice of words leaves his hearers under the impression that the truth, when demonstrated by him, is in no circumstances unpalatable. Again and again he has not hesitated to enter the lists with men who have cherished theories seemingly unassailable because of the broad humanitarian principles from which they are developed, and he has never failed to prove the fallacy and the peril of logic based on false premise.

Let us take, for example, one misconception held

by a not inconsiderable section of the party to which Sir Edward Grey belongs. That section has clung tenaciously to the point of view that it is the duty of Great Britain to be the supreme arbiter of the human race. In other words, the claim is advanced that, no matter how remote our interests may be, we should intervene, if necessary with armed force, on behalf of the oppressed among the nations, and that we should take the lead in imposing upon States the fulfilment of treaty obligations. That this claim is inspired by motives of noble idealism on the part of those who put it forth is not to be denied. But were Sir Edward Grey to adopt a policy founded upon such basis, the principles of humanitarianism, which he possesses to no less an extent than his critics, would suffer far more than is the case when a policy of watchful patience is pursued. The fact is that States, like individuals, are limited by natural and inevitable conditions in regard to their capacity to alleviate the woes of mankind. As the world is not one vast community, but is divided into many races with diverse tongues and customs, statesmanship can only exist as such within the bounds of practical usefulness. It is not surprising, then, that Sir Edward Grey was compelled finally to explain to his obtuse critics that the Concert of Europe was not in the nature of a humanitarian league founded with the sole object of redressing sectional wrongs. The principal aim of the Concert of Europe, he declared, was to preserve the peace of Europe. The conflict in the Near East, with all its hideous accompaniments, has certainly been a ghastly episode in modern history.

When, however, we permit the mind to reflect for a moment upon the waste wrought by death and desolation had an European war been the sequel to the Balkan struggle, then we can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is Sir Edward Grey, and not his critics, who truly serves the cause of peace. It is quite correct to say that the Powers have studied their own interests; but as these interests are inextricably bound up with the tranquillity of Europe, no accusation of inconsistency can reasonably lie here. The issue thus raised admits of consideration from another aspect. No responsible Minister is justified in risking the existence of the people whom he represents, for the sake of a people of a foreign State. When compared with the Utopian dream of a world without frontiers, patriotism as exhibited in practical statesmanship may be a narrow thing. Yet no substitute is possible for regulating the harmonious relations between nations. The frank declaration of Sir Edward Grey brought back his critics to the realities of the situation, and his robust common sense passed without a single challenge. The foreign policy of Great Britain is fixed and stable. Naturally we consider our own interests first, and our guiding principle is to maintain the peace of Europe in concert with the Great Powers.

In another direction Sir Edward Grey's method of candid diplomacy has succeeded in clearing the atmosphere. The belief has long prevailed in many quarters that, because the British Empire contains within its

dominion an immense number of Mussulman subjects, our foreign policy must always lean towards the side of the Mussulman nations. Were that rule to be accepted and rigidly applied, then our liberty of action might on occasions be seriously restricted. Unhappily the Mussulman nations are at present in a state of decay, and it has frequently happened that their rulers have committed acts which no statesman in this country could possibly uphold. Sir Edward Grey, with characteristic courage, has declared that "We cannot undertake the duty of protecting Mussulman Powers outside the British dominions from the consequences of their own actions." He is careful to add, however, that a wanton affront to the Mahomedan religious belief shared by so many millions of British subjects would raise an issue to which we could not be indifferent.

Some such pronouncement as this, defining as it does the exact measure of Great Britain's responsibilities to the Mussulman world, was certainly needed; and we do not think that Sir Edward Grey's statement on the point will be resented by Mahomedan peoples owing allegiance to the British Crown. Were we to accord support to Turkey in any policy she chose to adopt, without having regard to the wisdom or otherwise of such policy, and merely because we wished to curry favour with Mussulman subjects within the British Empire, the object which we sought to serve would most certainly be defeated. The timidity always apparent in condoning wrong for ulterior motive is readily detected, and never fails to involve overwhelming retribution. On this account, and for other reasons already set forth, the country is to be congratulated in that it possesses, in the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a Minister who has invented the art of lucid diplomacy, one who is as fearless as he is modest.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE sun of prosperity is shining once again! The markets are quite good. No one has yet decided whether the rise is due to the precipitance of the "bear" or the real eagerness of the public to avail themselves of what appears to be cheap stock. I fancy there is a little of both in the boomlet. Peace has come, and in spite of the papers who prophesy another war, before even the troops are home again, the public thinks that it will last. I agree. The Balkan States have had as much fighting as they want. They will take two or three years to recover their prosperity and their courage. They are now only eager for money with which to pay creditors, rebuild their houses and reinstate their credit. Paris having financed the whole war, Greek, Turk, Bulgar, Roumanian, and the rest, will lend more money. She must. She has millions of promissory notes which must be turned into bonds and sold to the Frenchman in the small pro-

vincial town. A good market is absolutely necessary for the loans now being prepared in Paris. We on this side of the Channel have our own loans to get out. All our Colonies must have money. Also our banks are full of pawned stock which was taken care of in the last crisis. That must be unloaded. Everybody looks for higher prices. I think that they will get what they want. But whether the pleasant reaction will last is by no means certain. There are many reasons why it should not. In Brazil and the Argentine business is falling away. In Mexico the position grows worse each day. Here we are prosperous, but there are signs that the trade boom has reached the top. Iron and Steel prices are weakish without being very weak. There is an uneasy feeling amongst colliery owners that they will not be able to maintain prices beyond the end of the year. Therefore, I am afraid that the little rise we have seen will not continue with us many months. The Stock Exchange thinks that as trade slackens the money used in business will come into the speculative markets. This is by no means certain.

Of new issues we have had but few. A ridiculous little company, Plantoid, asked for a small sum which I trust it did not get. The New South Wales Loan, good as it was, proved a partial failure. The Canadian Northern deserted. Lazard Brothers, and through Lloyds Bank offered £1,500,000 five per cent. five-year notes at 98. These notes are secured upon £2,550,000 bonds, of which all but £750,000 is guaranteed by various Canadian provinces. The interest on these bonds comes to £102,000, and covers the interest on the notes. The offer is attractive in many ways. We are assured that the net earnings of the railway for 1913 will be over seven million dollars. This is good news for holders of income bonds, who have been somewhat nervous at the persistent borrowing of the railway. However, the harvest in Canada is reported above the average, so C. N. R. will once again do well.

MONEY is much easier. Indeed, the market seems quite glad to get bills at $3\frac{1}{2}$. If this slackening of rates continues we might see the Bank Rate down to 4. But the Egyptian demand for gold appears to be coming on, and Berlin rates have gone up, so that perhaps the easier tendency will not last. The banks have lent the Stock Exchange all the money it needs at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4, and contangoes were consequently reduced. Very low rates were charged on Canadian Pacifics, perhaps because of the "bear" account. If these low rates hold, then we shall perhaps see a revival of speculation.

FOREIGNERS have been quite happy. Bulgarians were actually 85. The rise in French Rentes is not quite so pronounced, but they have been as high as 88, and seem certain to touch 90. All the Near East stocks are very hard. But Hungarians don't move much, and buyers are afraid that a new loan will be made. Chinese are all better on the news that the rebellion has been crushed and that Sun Yat Sen has fled to Japan. Even Japanese have been marked up a shade, and if the rise here continues holders should sell, for as I have again and again pointed out, the position is not good.

HOME RAILS are very steady. The yield on all the best stocks is ridiculously high. It will be improved by the end of the year, for the dividends will be as good as 1911, or better. The dealers in the market are short of stock, and are marking up prices in advance. If the public comes in I am sure that we shall see a five or ten point rise all round. At the present moment there is nothing to stop the rise. Why people should be so foolish as to invest their money in risky foreign securities when they can get as good or even better interest on their money in first-class gilt-edged

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stocks, I don't know. The agitation against the boards still continues, and the dealers sent a letter to the Great Northern, which got only scant courtesy. This contempt for the City is all very well in good times, but it does not pay in the long run. Railways must borrow occasionally, and the directors should make friends, not enemies, of the financial world. They could then borrow more cheaply, and save money for their shareholders.

YANKEES have been quite strong. The dealers liked the Southern Pacific issue. Part of this was underwritten in London, and the stocks look cheap; including the dividend, it works out at 88. No wonder the shareholders took up their proportion. Unions once again paid at the usual rate of ten per cent., and the silly "bear" talk of a reduction was proved false. The market bid 159, and the price looks like going much higher. There is once again talk of the long-looked-for bonus. But I do not think it will come this year. Eries, Steels, Southern, and even the despised Rocks have been bought. The Wabash reconstruction scheme is being prepared and should soon be ready. But I confess that I see no reason why people should pay good money for the right to be assessed. Amalgamated have been bid for as the "bears" have got nervous. The copper position is not as good as it looks, but it is certain that New York gamblers are all short of copper stocks.

RUBBER.—The auctions did not show great keenness on the part of buyers. The days have gone by when promoters could manipulate these auctions. It takes too much money now to corner 500 tons a fortnight. The position of rubber and rubber shares is not good. Luckily the dealers are short, and this keeps the market steady. As soon as Mr. Lampard gets his money he will no doubt manipulate the shares in which he is most interested. But his Trust is overburdened with estates which have cost too much money. I have nothing but praise for the management of the Lampard properties. I only complain of their high book cost, which will kill them in the end. The Anglo-Dutch meeting went off well, but the Board only told us the good side. I hear that there is trouble over the labour, and that the Batavian Government does not like the position. The estates are held upon a queer sort of tenure, and I should advise holders to get out.

OIL.—The public will not come in. The little rig in Mexican Eagle did not bring in many buyers, and even the really good news about North Caucasians did not allow people to forget the huge blocks of options held by the Shell. Kerns are steady, but don't go up, in spite of Stocken, the principal dealer, having given the tip. As he is on the board of the St. Helens Development he should know. Shells, Royal Dutch and the other big shares are hard, but I doubt if they will rise much.

MINES.—They now say that a big syndicate has been formed to put up Kaffirs and Rhodesians. Presumably this is the old Rhodesian story revived. But it scared the "bears," and as some buying came through Paris everybody talked of a boom which I do not think will arrive. There has been some big option dealing in Chartered. No doubt if any sum is to be made it must be made in Chartered first, for they lead the Rhodesians. I hear very poor news of Great Cobar. But the "bears" in Mount Elliott have been savagely treated. Tin shares still hang fire.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The brewery market has at last attracted some notice. I have long pointed out how cheap are the best debenture stock in this section of the House. The electric supply companies have also been bought. They all are under-valued. The "bears" in Mexico Trams and Brazil Traction have been nipped hard, and big rises have taken place. I think that if the price of these somewhat suspicious securities goes much higher it would be

wise to sell out. The scare in Cuban Ports still continues, and I hear that the Cuban folks are furious with the management in Cuba. But I confess that I do not see how the Government can cancel the concession without compensation—graft or no graft. National Steam Car have agreed with the L. G. O., and the shares have gone up. They are now quite high enough.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FRAUD OF FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It is indeed extraordinary that the working-classes cannot see that they are being exploited by the advocates of Free Trade. Manufacturers want cheap labour, and cheap labour cannot be had without cheap food: therefore food from abroad must be let into our market without paying any toll, though it be at the risk of crushing our own heavily burdened agriculture. So the land goes steadily out of cultivation, and the country workers flock into the all-devouring factories to become parts of a vast hideous machine which grinds the bodies and souls of men and women, and children, too. And the irony of it! the cost of living is rising steadily for all this cheap, imported food; for the British Fleet, which alone safeguards the supply of cheap food must be paid for by heavy taxation of the more or less well-to-do, and this taxation by a well-known economical law filters down and presses with remorseless weight on the "untaxed" classes below.

No, the only people who benefit by Free Trade are the shipping magnates, the merchants, a few big manufacturers, and various bankers and financiers—but not the working-man.

I am no believer in Imperial Free Trade. How is the British farmer to contend with a cataract of toll-free Canadian wheat any more than he can contend with the toll-free wheat coming in from the world generally? Each country, our own included, should have at least equality of toll, and should see to it that its own producers pay no more for the use of the home market than the outside producer who is competing with them. That is my idea of Fair Trade—equality of opportunity in the home market. As for foreign trade, that is far less important to a country than the supplying of its own wants, and especially of its own food. The sooner we have done with industrialism the better. Your obedient servant,

London Institution, Aug. 11.

IMMO S. ALLEN.

"SHALL" OR "SHOULD"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On September 11, 1909, Mr. Francis H. Butler, in a letter addressed to THE ACADEMY, said: "It may be safely maintained that such a sentence as 'I do not see why he shall go away now?' is incorrect in the use of *shall* for *should*." I had to give in at the time, having no example to submit to my eminent critic. But, since that time, I have read over again the works in which I thought I had seen *shall* after *why*, and I have at last found an example in Thackeray's History of Henri Esmond, Esq. (Alexandra Publishing Company, p. 2):—"Why shall history go on kneeling to the end of time?" I maintained then, and I have now an excellent reason for maintaining, that a *future form* must exist, it being equivalent to the *future* of the French verb, *devoir*, which is more imperative than its conditional. To that effect, "the King's English" (page 134) states:—"As commands and wishes

are all concerned mainly with the *future*, it was natural that a *future* tense auxiliary should be developed out of these two verbs." In fact, when Doctor Johnson said, in his usual rude manner to Boswell: "I am going to Scotland next week, and Boswell *shall* go with me," I submit that, supposing their common friend, annoyed at the constant despotic behaviour of Johnson towards Boswell, had lost his patience and had said: "*Why shall* Boswell go with you?" this question would have been couched in perfectly good English. To my mind, the question, "*Why should* Boswell go with you?" would have been much too weak in comparison. Am I right or wrong?

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

THE SIBILANT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May I take a text from Mr. Fisher's article "On the Anticipation of a Holiday." He says: "There are certain place-names whose very sound is an insidious invitation: Carcassonne, Alcazar, Thrasymane, Einsiedeln, and Ispahan." It is noticeable that each of these words contains a sibilant. I should not go so far as to say that their beauty is dependent only upon the sibilant, but I do think that this is an important factor. It has become a habit of the average reviewer to count the sibilants in a line and to say this or that line is bad because it contains too many sibilants. The "s" sound is a difficult one to manage skilfully, but is not in itself cacophonous. The recurring lines in Wilde's well-known villanelle are an instance, apparently unintentional, of how this sound may be put to beautiful use:

"O singer of Persephone,
Dost thou remember Sicily?"

And Shakespeare, in the lines beloved of Matthew Arnold, has used it as one handles a stop of a mighty organ:

"Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

Yours truly,

8, Broadwater Terrace, THOMAS SHARP.
Cannon Hill Lane, Merton Park, S.W.

THE PAVILION MEETINGS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Is it not a disgrace, is it not an indelible scandal that those mad, crazy, and detestable women who call themselves "militant suffragettes" should still be permitted to hold their shameful and seditious meetings at the London Pavilion? Why this building is not forthwith closed to them now that the scenes taking place there every Monday afternoon have become a menace to the community, is a question which every respectable citizen of the metropolis is asking himself. I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road,
West Hampstead, London, N.W.
July 27.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck.* By Jethro Bithell. (The Walter Scott Pub. Co. 1s. net.)
Cole's Intellect Sharpener and Family Amuser. Containing 2,000 Choice Riddles and 500 Amusing Puzzles and Games. (E. W. Cole, Melbourne, and Stanley Paul and Co., London. 2s. net.)

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- Interludes (Sixth Series). Being Two Essays, Stray Thoughts and Some Verses.* By Horace Smith. (Macmillan and Co. 5s.)
The History of a Great Intrigue. By G. S. Penfold. (P. S. King and Son. 2d.)
Les Auxiliaires. By J. H. Fabre. Illustrated. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
Ways of Helping. By Lettice Macnaghten. Illustrated. (Animals' Friend Society. 1d.)
Advertisements and Disfigurement. By John Bailey. (The Scapa Society. 6d.)
Outback in Australia, or Three Australian Overlanders. By Walter Kilroy Harris, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. Illustrated. (Garden City Press, Letchworth. 5s. net.)
Colombia. By Phanor James Eder. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

VERSE.

- The Lay of the Stone Table: A Yuletide Poem.* By R. M. Ingersley. (Ling and Co.)
The Feast of the Universe. By C. Goodwin. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
A Broken Friendship, and Other Verses. By A. V. Ratcliffe. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d.)
Grey and Gold. By Mrs. Hugh Spender. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d.)
Dreams of Arcady. By Octavia Gregory. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d.)
Visions of the Evening. By John G. Fletcher. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d.)
The Flute of Sardonyx. By Edmund John. (Herbert Jenkins. 3s. 6d.)
The Achievement. By Robert Elson. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d.)
The Flood of Youth. By Sherwood Spencer. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- La Société Nouvelle; Educational Times; The Gourmet; English Review; Harper's Monthly Magazine; Book Monthly; London University Gazette; Cambridge University Reporter; La Revue; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Bibelot; Literary Digest, N.Y.; School World; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Land Union Journal; University Correspondent; Mercure de France; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique; Empire Review; Hindustan Review; Wednesday Review; The Librarian and Book World; The Musical Standard; Boletín de la Real Academia Gallega; The Collegian; Royal Colonial Institute Year Book, 1913; Brain Power.*